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MONTHLY DIGEST

July 1969

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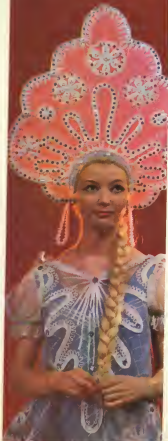
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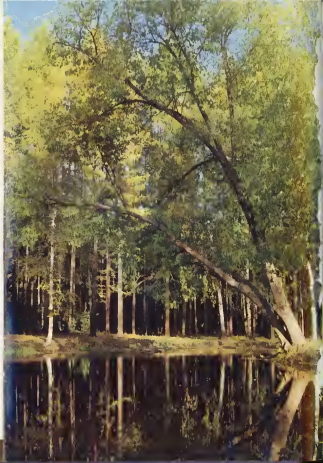
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Letters to the Editor

Not long ago I was in Leningrad and visited the Piskarskoye Cemetery, and to I was particularly interested in Dmitri Paslov's feature "The Siege of Leningrad" (December 1968 and January 1969) and in Alexander Yashin's article on Olga Bergoltz, "Poetry of the Siege" (October 1968). Much has been done in our country, too, in recent times, to ensure that no one forgets those who had to fight to the death for their homeland.

Marian Bybluk,
Osno, Poland

I liked the articles "Socialism and Religion" and "The Russian Orthodox Church in New Social Conditions" which appeared in the January issue. From them I have learned a great deal about religion and its followers in the Soviet Union. But I found even greater enjoyment in "Painter-Poet of His Native Land" (February 1969). I am extremely interested in painting, as I am an art teacher at a school. I should very much like to see an article about Russian and Soviet painters in every issue.

Lech Jasiak, Leszno, Poland

The article "They Were 'Problem Children'" in your December 1968 issue about the successes attained in special schools in Dushanbe was most interesting. I have been teaching in special schools for 20 years, some of that time in colonies for juvenile delinquents. Thanks to SPUTNIK I was able to write to the director of the special school in Dushanbe, D.I. Fel'dstein. I was overjoyed when I received his reply, and a little later some unique books with an inscription by the author. I am so happy to be able to exchange notes with my Soviet colleague.

I am sorry that you do not give Russian

recipes and those of the other nationalities of the USSR in every issue. I have used your recipes several times and the result has been delectable!

Leonard Dewodzki,
Krakow, Poland

I am a teacher, and am interested in art. I liked the article "Ilya Repin, Painter" in your January issue very much. I read it with my pupils, showed them the reproductions in SPUTNIK and took to school other reproductions of Repin's work. It made the lesson interesting for them and they gained a better insight into Repin's painting.

My pupils also liked "Man of Fables" by Sergei Mikhalov, in the same issue, especially as they have many of his verses in their Russian language textbooks, and are very fond of them.

My pupils know a great deal about the cosmonauts, and have a special affection for Yuri Gagarin, the pioneer. They were especially interested in the article "Valentina Gagarina Tells of Yuri's Last Day".

Many women read your magazine, and on their behalf I should like to ask you to tell us something about Russian fashions.

Isabella Scowron,
Szczecin, Poland

I was delighted by the reproductions of Sergei Geranimov's paintings and sketches in the February issue.

It would be helpful to students of Russian, I believe, if you published riddles and crossword puzzles in each issue. What do other readers think?

Bolenaw Raczynski,
Chodzież, Poland

Continued on Page 5

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the arts — sport — hobbies — fashions — cuisines — humour.

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Pocket-size SPUTNIK, richly illustrated with many coloured plates, brings you the pick of 11,000 Soviet publications, newspapers and magazines — in easy-to-read condensed form.

The photographic feature in colour on the port of Odessa in your February issue was very good. Photographs like these are just as good as the finest article about a town. I should be very pleased to see a colour feature of this kind about other Soviet towns in every issue.

Stanislaw Nowak,
Legnica, Poland

SPUTNIK is my favourite magazine, and my special favourites in it are the articles about artists. I already feel I know Repin, Shishkin, and Gerasimov, I also like the articles about writers and poets, for instance the one about Alexander Tvardovsky, of whom I am very fond.

I correspond with a girl in Armenia, and she tells me many interesting things about Armenia and the Soviet Union generally. But I know very little about the history of Russia, and should very much like to read something on the subject in SPUTNIK.

Wojciech Kiewski,
Poznan, Poland

Congratulations on not simply copying another magazine but finding your own form and providing a highly successful mixture of political, scientific and entertaining material. I find the choice of articles superb. For me SPUTNIK is a means of contact with the Soviet Union, and the Russian language lessons strengthen that contact.

Joachim Lenz,
Cologne-Klettenburg,
German Federal Republic

I am an English student at present working in Italy. I read your magazine SPUTNIK fairly regularly and find it very interesting, particularly the topics on the Russian Revolution and discussions on ideology.

Judith Richardson,
Ivrea, Italy

There are a number of questions I would like to ask and also a few comments to make. Are the usual stories written in Russian and then translated? Because

some of them have a character of unreality about them and sometimes leave one a little up in the air.

I particularly enjoyed the article about Pama Raneranskaya as I saw a number of Eisenstein's films at a showing in Sydney several years ago. I have always loved the theatre and acting and even now I vividly remember "Ivan the Terrible".

I also read with interest the story of the Pamirs, published in the November edition. Congratulations to Likhoboyev!

The photography of the Pamir mountains and the New Arbat buildings in Moscow were very good.

The other comment I have pondered on is a certain amount of quiet propaganda which it seems necessary to include. This may lead me to read the "Spotlight" again. I agree to a point but would also question some statements.

Anyway I am expressing my freedom in writing to you, just to find out a little about the Russian people and to satisfy my own curiosity about how you live.

Mary Reed,
Essendon, Australia

I enjoy the articles on science, especially space flights, the breathtaking photographs of the Russian scenery, recipes, cartoons and humor. I am interested in the work of Soviet artists and would like to see more articles on them and photographs of their paintings. The books on art that I have read here seem to forget that there are artists in the Soviet Union. I particularly liked the paintings of Vassili Polenov shown in the December 1968 issue of SPUTNIK.

In the future issues I would like to see Russian names printed in the Russian alphabet — if not throughout the magazine, maybe on a page in the back. I am sure that other readers who are studying Russian would also be interested in seeing Russian names in their usual spelling.

I would also like to see more articles on the life of women in the Soviet Union.

Kathleen Wade,
Austin, Texas, USA

Continued on Page 8

SPUTNIK

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MOSCOW, U.S.S.R.

The Sputnik is a digest
published in English, French,
German and Russian by the
Novosti Press Agency.



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I want pen-friends from all over the world, but especially from Africa, West Europe, India, Ceylon, USA and South America. I am a 30 year old medical doctor, married, and my interests are music, photography, books, stamps and postcards. I know English, French and German.

**Basil Alivisatos, M.D.,
Masthaki, Corfu, Greece**

I am a Danish girl who wants pen-pals from all over the world. I am 16 years old and interested in modern music. I know English and Danish.

**Ingrid Pedersen,
Lupinvej 13,
4700 Naestved, Denmark**

I am eager to correspond with people all over the world. My hobbies are: stamp collection, exchange of photos and view-cards, letter-writing and scientific books. Besides Arabic I also know English.

**Matti Gharib,
Rafidin Developments Ltd.,
P.O. Box 2003, Baghdad,
Iraq**

I would like to have lots of friends from many countries who share at least some of my interests. I am a 23 year old musician and therefore my main love is music, particularly that of Mozart and Bach. Besides I am concerned about philosophy, the speculation of life beyond our planet, sociology, literature, stamp collecting, art. I just love people, animals and life. I can write only in English.

**Natasha Selepak,
353 Canning Highway, Como,
Western Australia 6152**

I am a Bulgarian student and am anxious to establish contacts with philatelists — readers of SPUTNIK — all over the world. The subjects of my collection are "EXPO-67", "Astronomy" and "Dogs". I am also very much interested in modern music and tape recording. I can correspond in English and Russian.

**Georgiev Petko Kirev,
21-24 Rabo-haya
Ploshchad, Rostov-on-Don 4,
USSR**

I would like pen-friends in Great Britain and the USA. I am 18 years old and go to grammar school. My main interests are collecting records, postcards and magazines. I know English, Russian and Serbian.

**Valecia Pavlic,
Cankarjeva 4, Ljubljana,
Slovenija, Yugoslavia**

I am 16 years old and interested in astronomy. I would like to have pen-pals who are also interested in this subject. I have a telescope (a 2.4 inch refractor on equatorial mounting) and I am setting it up for astrophotography. Also I am a President of the Harrisburg Junior Astronomical Society, so any excess of people I can give to my members. They range in age from 13 to 16. I speak only English.

**Craig Diffenderfer,
26 Ruse St., Middletown, Pa.
17057, USA**

I would like to correspond with friends from different countries. I am 18 years old and I know English, Russian and Polish. My main interest are literature, sports, music and languages.

**Elzbieta Jakubczak,
ul. Humsanska 9, m.5,
Warsaw 36, Poland**

I want to get in touch with more people I could write to. My hobbies are: exchange of stamps and first-day covers, films, reading and games.

**R.K. Bhartia,
19 Ram Bhawan, Birla
Vidya-Vihar, Piliani (Raj.)
India**

I am a 16 year old girl and I study at the Lycee. I am very anxious to have some pen-pals from different countries. My hobbies are: music, cinema, theatre, travel, arts, literature, etc. I can correspond in French and in Italian and now I am studying English.

**Aurelia Dragomir,
Strada Partizanilor 21,
apt. 23, Tiglina I, Galati,
Romania**

Continued on Page 19

Soviet-French Relations Forge Ahead

by Konstantin Lavrov

from "Izvestia"

In their developing relations as well as in their actions and efforts in the international arena the Soviet Union and France are revealing increasing approximation of attitudes toward key problems, even to the point of some of their views becoming identical.

In both countries the achievements of the third session of the permanent Soviet-French mixed commission last January were met with satisfaction, paving the way as they did toward the conclusion of a further long-term trade agreement for the following five years. The previous agreement had brought about a substantial expansion in trade between the two countries, reaching in four years the figure originally set down to be achieved in five years. France

has now become one of the Soviet Union's leading trade partners in the capitalist world, leaving behind the Federal Republic of Germany.

The aim is now to double existing trade, the principal items being industrial equipment and large-scale industrial complexes, with the overall objective of carrying out the joint construction in the Soviet Union of major cellulose, gas, oil and motor car enterprises.

France would be able to share in the construction by contributing equipment and credits, and by subsequently buying part of the products.

Such forms of cooperation open up broad vistas for trade expansion. As the cooperation agreements are on a long-term basis they can provide for the needs of the Soviet

Union's national economic plan, and correspondingly take French requirements into consideration.

Reciprocal purchases of consumer goods aroused keen interest in the Commission, the Soviet side saying that over and above the usual purchases for 1969 it was ready to buy 400 million francs' worth of such goods.

Other areas of Soviet-French cooperation which have had appreciable practical results and which have clearcut prospects are the exploration and use of outer space for peaceful purposes such as experimental black-and-white and colour television broadcasts and a Moscow-Paris telephone link by means of a Soviet sputnik; high energy physics, including joint experiments using a Soviet accelerator at Serpukhov, where a French 6,000-litre hydrogen bubble chamber (Mira-belle) is to be established in 1970; industrial cooperation in colour television, in particular, in the quantity manufacture of cathode-ray tubes.

The two countries on January 9 signed the world's first inter-governmental agreement on cooperation in medicine and health services, which should help exchange experience leading to the development of new methods of diagnosis and treatment of diseases and the joint manufacture of medical instruments to combat the most intractable of them. Under the two-year plan attention

will be concentrated on virology, medical electronics, construction of artificial organs, organ transplants and medical genetics.

Cultural relations are also being advanced, a protocol signed last December providing for increased and diversified exchange in all fields, and specifically in public education in 1969-70. Much importance is being attached to the study of Russian in France and French in the Soviet Union, involving greater exchange of language teachers for schools and colleges.

There will be more exchange in the fields of the cinema, radio and television. A series of important undertakings is envisaged in the other arts, including a tour of France by the Bolshoi Theatre company and a visit to the Soviet Union by a large French theatrical company. Exhibitions will be exchanged, among them being a display in Paris of works by the Georgian artist Niko Pirosmanishvili and another entitled "From Urarto to the Twentieth Century" containing works of art through the ages. Soviet museums will also contribute to a Matisse exhibition in Paris, while one or more French art exhibitions will be held in the Soviet Union.

In 1969-70 France will hold a festival of Soviet music and the Soviet Union a festival of French music.

Exchanges of sports and youth

delegations and of visits by outstanding cultural figures will be promoted, and both countries have agreed to mark outstanding events in each other's cultural lives and to pay tribute to the memory of notable contributors to their cultural progress.

All of this should be seen against the background of the Soviet-French declaration of June 30, 1966, which provided for closer mutually beneficial cooperation in virtually all spheres, and the strengthening of Soviet-French relations as a vital factor of European and international security.

The improvement of Soviet-French relations already achieved confirms that there is sufficient scope in the world today for consistent active policies of peaceful coexistence.

Unavoidably the clash of ideologies and differences in industrial and trade structures, stemming from the class nature of the social and state structures, produce difficulties and complications in such cooperation. However, in the critical situations which have arisen in different parts of the world, the two countries have never lost understanding on important problems of maintaining peace, and there has remained a deep interest in improving relations, demonstrating that long-term interests, as distinct from passing considerations, impel the two countries to seek ap-

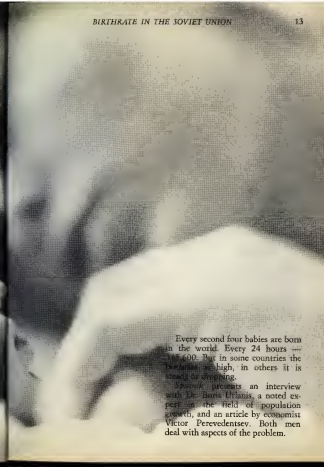
proximation of attitudes, cooperation and friendship.

On a number of urgent issues in the international arena, the two countries show considerable similarity of views. Obviously, the removal of the menace of a new war now depends on whether or not the greatest sources of danger to world peace are eliminated in different parts of the globe, and on whether or not a series of urgent steps is taken to bring about a detente.

The Soviet Union and France are adopting much the same lines in their approach to this problem, and in seeking a solution. A number of joint Soviet-French documents show that the two countries are adopting a similar position in relation to the two major hotbeds of war danger — Vietnam and the Middle East. Statements by the French Foreign Minister, M. Michel Debré, reveal the improvement of mutual understanding between the two countries on the need for a peaceful political settlement of the Middle East crisis. Good Franco-Soviet relations constitute a factor of major importance for European detente and security.

The Soviet Union and France are building their relations on a basis that is free from considerations of expediency, and independent of the state of their relations with other big powers, so that they will not be to the detriment of either country's relations with her friends and allies.

Birthrate in the Soviet Union



Every second four babies are born in the world. Every 24 hours — 345,600. But in some countries the birthrate is high, in others it is steadily dropping.

Sputnik presents an interview with Dr. Boris Utlanis, a noted expert in the field of population growth, and an article by economist Victor Perevedentsev. Both men deal with aspects of the problem.

The Birthrate Should be Controlled

an interview with Dr. Boris Uralnis

from the magazine "Nauka i Zhizn"
(Science and Life)

Question: Can you please tell us what the birthrate is in the Soviet Union?

Answer: Over the past five years the birthrate in the Soviet Union has dropped appreciably. In 1963 there were 212 births per 10,000 population. In 1967 the figure dropped to 174. This index varies widely, depending on the part of the country. In 1967 it was 324 in Azerbaijan and 356 in Turkmenia. But in the Russian Federation, the Ukraine, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania the rates were approximately a third of that. The lowest are recorded in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Kharkov and other large cities.

Question: How many babies are born each day in our country?

Answer: Around 11,500. But this is also an average figure which fluctuates widely even from month to month.

Question: What factors affect the birthrate?

Answer: Many. For instance, the

degree of involvement of women in public work and in production, their level of education, the number of creches and nursery schools, the effect of marriage and family laws, national traditions, mode of life, climate and lastly heredity.

Question: At the beginning of the twentieth century the rural birthrate was much higher than the urban. Does this hold true today?

Answer: Yes, but the gap has dwindled — today the rural birthrate is only 25 per cent higher than the city's. However, in 1913 rural areas accounted for 82 per cent of Russia's population. Today less than half live in the country and the process of urbanisation will go on.

Question: Do biological factors play a role?

Answer: Only heredity, in those cases when a man or woman cannot have children. The age pattern of child-bearing women also merits study. Pre-revolutionary Russia had a high birthrate partly because wo-

men married early. In 1910 nearly 55 per cent of all brides were under 20. Look at this table.

Marrying Age of Women		
Age	Percentage of Women Marrying at Given Age	
	1910	1960
Under 20	54.5	26.3
21—25	31.0	40.7
26—30	7.3	11.6
31—40	4.7	10.9
41—50	1.9	4.2
Over 50	0.6	6.3

Question: Can the birthrate be controlled?

Answer: In our own day Japan has managed to slash its birthrate by half and stabilise the population. It is not likely now to go much over 100 million. India has set itself the same goal of halving the birthrate. In France, where a low birthrate was having a negative effect, the government introduced family allowances and as a result was able to increase the rate. Similar benefits have also been instituted in Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and other

countries. So you see, the birthrate can be influenced and consequently forecast.

Question: When do you think a couple should have children?

Answer: Medically speaking, the best age for child-bearing is under 30. The healthiest children are borne by young mothers.

Question: How many children should a couple have in your opinion?

Answer: From the viewpoint of the state, at least two or three, since the simple reproduction of the population requires 23 children per 10 married couples.

Question: Does this mean that the Soviet Union should take steps to increase its birthrate?

Answer: In the republics with a low birthrate, I believe that family allowances for second and third children should be introduced since a family usually has one child whatever its financial standing. I think that this would help to raise the birthrate in those areas where it has ceased to grow.

One Man's View

Let's put mama on the payroll!

by Victor Perevedentsev,
M. Sc. (Economics)

from "Literaturnaya Gazeta"

It was not so long ago that all parents thought of their children as security. When the parents grew old and were no longer able to

support themselves, their children would look after them.

Today this function of children is fast disappearing. The main source

of income of the elderly is their pension, not material assistance from their offspring.

At the same time, the cost of bringing up children has increased, in spite of the fact that society bears a large share in the form of nurseries, kindergartens, schools, hospitals, etc. Some 40 years ago, about 80 per cent of the population lived in rural areas. Today the majority are urban dwellers. At one time the boy on the farm became useful to his family at the age of 10 or 12. Today, on the average, urban children remain consumers until they are 20. In the past, money spent on bringing up children could be looked on as a type of loan to be repaid by the children when the parents grew old. Today this loan, ever increasing, is oftener not repaid. Rather it is repaid, and with interest, but to society as a whole.

Of course the decision to have or not have children, and how many, is governed by many factors. But an important one is the economic question.

It would seem that since expenses in raising a family have soared, while returns are reaped by society as a whole, it would be only fair if society shouldered more of the cost. It is true to say that raising children requires a lot of effort. Most of it falls on the woman. The working mother, in fact, does her full shift at work and then puts in another five or six working hours at home.

In raising children, the mother creates the basic wealth of society — the people who will produce all

material and cultural wealth. But this work so vital to society remains unpaid — it must be a unique case. In other words, mothers are the only ones who do not get paid for their work. From this it inevitably follows that large families are economically worse off than small ones.

Although the Soviet Union pays grants to its large families involving colossal expenditure by the state, they no longer provide an incentive to raise more children, to my way of thinking. They are paid in the following proportions: for a third child there is a lump sum grant of 20 roubles; for a fourth the grant is 65 roubles and there is a monthly allowance of four roubles for next four years; for a fifth — an 85 rouble grant and a monthly six roubles; for a sixth child there is 100 roubles at birth and a monthly seven; for a seventh or eighth — 125 roubles and a monthly 10; for a ninth or 10th — 175 roubles and a monthly 12.50; for an 11th and any subsequent child — 250 roubles and a monthly 15.

Not infrequently, however, the greatest material difficulties are caused by the birth of the first child. Let us take a typical case. The newlyweds earn 100 roubles each. As long as they are childless they can manage all right. But the baby arrives and after the paid maternity leave is up the young mother often finds that she cannot return to work immediately. Thus, where two lived on 200 roubles, three must now live on 100 roubles. It is not improbable that the memory of such difficult times

is a deterrent to further experiments in procreation.

Like all socially necessary labour, child raising under socialism should be paid labour. The question is, where will the funds come from?

Many suggestions have been made. Some have proposed that wages should be cut generally but increased for those who have children. Others have said that the tax on childless individuals should be raised. I don't believe these steps are practicable.

I believe the following to be more advisable: the rate of increase in wages and salaries should be slowed down and the principal method, or one of the principal methods, of raising living standards should be through pay for raising children. This should gradually be increased as the national income goes up. For a start, low income families should be first to receive benefits.

It must be noted that increases in wages as a means of raising living standards were introduced after 1953. Before that, cuts in consumer prices were the main means used. Cuts in consumer prices, rises in wages, pay for raising children — are all methods of raising living standards. It is obvious that the various methods affect different sections of the population. Pay for children will be of principal benefit to those who have several. Childless individuals or those who have only one child will "suffer".

From the point of view of the demographer, the value of the proposal is that economic factors will cease to hinder the birthrate.

It is also important to decide who should actually receive the cash.

Many experts think that the head of the family should receive it in the form of higher earnings.

I personally believe this would be a mistake. It would mean introducing economic inequality for women. The pay should go to the one who does the work. In the vast majority of cases, to the mother.

Of course other consequences of such a step must be examined. Let us take one. Undoubtedly, the introduction of pay for raising children will lead to a decrease in the number of women employed in the national economy. Can society afford this?

On the whole, the emergence of women into the labour force has had a profoundly progressive effect. I am convinced that a woman must work. But not at all periods of her life.

A rational approach would be that she should work before the birth of her first child and resume after her last grows up a bit. The length of this interval in her working life will largely depend on how well our service industries develop. The quality of services still leaves much to be desired.

What would happen to our national economy if several million women left their jobs?

As an expert, I believe that all recent talk of a labour shortage in the Soviet Union is false. I can name three sources of manpower in our country.

First, industry. Experts claim that

factories and enterprises are over-staffed by 25 to 30 per cent. By improving organisation of labour and supply — and the economic reform makes this possible — surplus workers in one factory or enterprise could be channelled into another where a genuine shortage exists.

Second, agriculture. Some 30 per cent of our work force is engaged in farming, whereas in a number of agriculturally self-sufficient countries the figure is between five and 10 per cent. While it is quite true that in certain areas of the Russian Federation there is a labour shortage on the farms, the Western Ukraine, Byelorussia, Moldavia, Transcaucasia, the North Caucasus and Central Asia have large surpluses of farm workers.

A third source of manpower which

could be drawn on are the women and men who have gone on pension at the age of 55 and 60 respectively. Many of them are in good health and could carry on with their jobs.

I am convinced that if the labour potential of the country was properly exploited, the national economy would not suffer if a few million women, who must spend so much of their time and energy on their children, were to leave their employment.

Moreover, society should pay them a wage for raising their children and consider their years at home part of their working life. They should be included in a woman's qualifying service for pension. This would be an important step in implementing factual equality between men and women.



I am an art student aged 18. I wish to have pen-friends all over the world. My interests are drama, poetry, philosophy, music, rugby and athletics. I can speak English and very little French.

Martin John Gajos,
35 Thompson Drive,
Whitchurch, Shropshire,
England

I would like to correspond with friends in different countries. I am 19 years old, can speak English, German, Russian and a little French. I collect view-cards. My interests are sports, mathematics and foreign languages.

Nedka Zeprianova,
"Ivan Alexiev" Street 16,
Sofia Zagora, Bulgaria

I would very much like to have pen-friends all over the world, especially in USA and Portugal. I know Portuguese and a little English.

Oswaldo Gaebler Junior,
Caixa postal 512,
Cruzeiro de Vitoria, Parana,
Brazil

I want to correspond with people in foreign lands. I am 14 years old. My hobbies are music and stamp collecting.
Necte R. Shah,
C/4/21, L.I.C. Colony,
S.V. Road, Bombay 54,
—India

I am eager to correspond with people from different countries in English, German and Bulgarian. I am interested in jazz, gramophone records, foreign languages, sports, magazines, view-cards, national customs and folk music of all the nations of the world. I am an interpreter, 27 years of age.

Vanko An. Salembashev,
Sofia Platinia Str. 12A, ap. 3
Jambol, Bulgaria

I would like to have pen-friends all over the world. My interests are literature, classical and pop music and postcard collecting. I am 20 and can write in English.

Eather Perla Orpiana,
26 Malibim Str.,
Sitakuna Village, Quezon
City D-504, Philippines

I am a student in a Cadet College. My age is 14. I know English, Arabic and Bengali. My main interests are stamps and view-cards collecting, radio, travel and fishing.

Q. Hasan Inam,
Cadet No. 83,
Jhemidan Cadet College,
P.O. Jhemidan, Dist.
Jessore, East Pakistan

I want to make friends I could correspond with. I am interested in foreign languages, books, music, art. I also like collecting stamps, view-cards and souvenirs. Besides Polish I know Russian, English, Spanish, Esperanto, and a little Chinese, Turkish, Hindi, Indonesian, Swahili, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Czech and Serbo-Croat.

Sławomir Osławski,
Puławska 38, m. 24,
Warsaw, Poland

I would like to correspond with girls from Eastern Europe. I am 18 years old. My interests are fashions, cars, sailing, pop music. I know French and English.

Andre Brunel,
La Ferriere 22, France

I am 20 years old and I want to correspond with friends all over the world. I am fond of music, poetry, correspondence, travel and sports. Can write in Russian, English and Bulgarian.

Zorka Ilieva Komitova,
Radnevo — Starozagorski,
Bulgaria

I would like to have pen-friends everywhere and especially in Europe. I can correspond in English, Arabic and Hebrew. I am interested in reading, pop and folk music, stamp collecting.

David Mazzei,
311/10 Street, Nazareth,
Israel

I am 15 years old and my hobbies are fishing, hunting, stamp and record collecting. I speak only English.

Anthony Duffy,
"Sweeney's", Killinacrogue,
Co. Wicklow,
Republic of Ireland

Oil Riches from the Arctic Ocean

Oil prospectors are already active in the region of the Arctic Ocean and although they have not yet penetrated the ice cover their work can be expected to yield rich results in 20 or 30 years.

It has often been said that if the extraction of oil and gas goes on at the same intensive rate as over the past 40 years world resources will soon be exhausted, as output in that period has jumped from 200 million tons a year to more than 1,500 million tons. However, in view of the possibilities of sea-bed oil and gas extraction it would seem that this view is premature, as more and more deposits are being discovered, even in some areas where exploration seemed to have reached its limits.

The bulk of oil and gas resources

are now believed to be concentrated beneath the sea-bed. Exploration of such deposits began as far back as the beginning of the last century and was first associated with the Caspian Sea where oil extraction is being conducted to this day. By the thirties of this century only four countries, the USSR, the USA, Japan and Canada, were extracting oil from under water but since then another 70 countries have joined them and now the number of registered under-sea oil and gas deposits is about 330.

Oil is now extracted by the USA from the floor of Cook's Gulf, Alaska, and from the Mediterranean seabed by Italy. Britain obtains gas from the North Sea and Japan is going to double, if not treble, her output of undersea oil.

Geologically, the Arctic basin re-

from the newspaper *Leninskaya Smena*

According to Mikhail Kalinko, D.Sc. (Geology and Mineralogy), in an interview with a Novosti Press Agency correspondent, the Arctic Ocean oil basin is likely to prove richer than any other in production of oil and gas.

sembles the Gulf of Mexico with its immense deposits of oil and gas, but territorially, it is much vaster. Descending into the seas which comprise it are the Pechora, West Siberian and Khatanga depressions, all of which promise to be very rich in oil. These depressions, together with the north coast of America, form the boundaries of the Arctic basin which constitutes one vast depression thought likely to contain incalculable reserves of oil and gas. This view is confirmed by reference to the 500 million-year geological evolution of the Arctic Ocean, easily traceable on a map prepared by the Leningrad Research Institute of Arctic Geology. There have been frequent reports of oil indications on the Arctic seaboard, on many Soviet Arctic islands and from test bores on Spitz-

bergen and the islands of northern Canada.

Exploitation of Arctic oil will present many difficulties but they should not be exaggerated. It should be more practicable, for instance, than in the swamps of the West Siberian lowlands, of which Soviet oilmen have great hopes. The permafrost facilitates the drilling of bores and transportation while the Northern Sea Route will make it possible to deliver oil and gas to all parts of the world. Weather conditions and the depth of the sea should not present obstacles as underwater oilmen elsewhere are already working at depths exceeding 300 ft. Full-scale automation of drilling and extraction will open the way to the development of deposits on the sea bottom, beneath the mass of water and ice.



A Word
on
Pushkin

June 6, 1969, marked the 170th anniversary of the birth of the poet, Alexander Pushkin (1799—1837). To celebrate the occasion, we present excerpts from two articles dedicated to Pushkin's work by the well-known Soviet poet, Alexander Tvardovsky. We also publish several poems by Pushkin.

For one who has, even in the most modest fashion, something to do with the world of poetry, it is perhaps even more difficult to write of the man whose genius has given this art eternal power over the hearts of men. How terrifying to pen an untrue word, particularly as so many beautiful words, worthy of his name and deeds, have been expressed by all those who together with him have created the world-wide fame of Russian literature.

Each one of us possesses his own Pushkin; for each of us he remains unique. He enters our lives at the very beginning, not to forsake us till the end.

I discovered and became enamoured of Pushkin at that age when it is sweeter to listen to reading than to read. From the spoken word I knew his *Tale of Tsar Saltan*; *The Battle of Poltava*, from *Poltava*; *Tatiana's Dream*, from *Eugene Onegin*; *The Bridegroom*. But the *Captain's Daughter* was the very first book in

my life that I read on my own. I can remember the cover, the smell of the book; I can remember how overjoyed I was that I myself had discovered this hitherto unfamiliar story.

I was caught up by the tale and sat reading by my window, oblivious to the world, until it grew dark. I had reached the section describing the blizzard in the Orenburg steppe, and when I looked up I saw that outside snow was falling. To this day it has remained an indelible impression, as though of a magic spell emanating from the pages of Pushkin. From that day on I became a reader, and I feel infinitely grateful that I am indebted for this to Pushkin. And who is not indebted to him for the joy of discovery, at the very dawn of one's thinking existence, of a source from which one will drink all one's life! But if Pushkin comes to us in childhood, we come to him in reality only with the years.

For a long time I presumptuously imagined that I knew Pushkin. After all, I had read and reread him in childhood and adolescence. I had "studied" him according to all the rules of university literature courses. I had read a considerable number of books and articles about him. I had long discussions with my friends about him, in which I flourished sharp insights into aspects of his mastery. What more could be expected?

But it was only in the days of the war, or reading grief for one's native

land, in that grim maturity which came to us in face of the terrible threat to everything held dear, that I, along with many others of my generation, I expect, realized that until then I had not known Pushkin. I suddenly comprehended, to the depths of my being, the incomparable power of Pushkin's word. As though heard for the first time, as though totally unfamiliar until then, lines of proud dignity from his patriotic lyrical poetry rang in my ear. With the delight of startled comprehension I acquired the world of noble beauty immortalised in this worn, slim volume I carried with me through the war — a world of impressions, thoughts and feelings, of my native landscapes, my homeland with its towns and villages, fields and waters, its hoary past and songs and lays.

And all this had meaning for my time; delight came not from individual brilliant lines, but because it all evoked my native land, all of it was my inalienable heritage, my pride and honour, faith and glory and there was no power on earth which could take it away from me.

There are few masters of the written word with whom the reader feels so free and easy, so friendly and trusting, as with Pushkin, and even those few owe something of their power over the reader to the "founder" of our literature.

The reader who communes with Pushkin experiences the simple humanity of the man and never feels

overwhelmed by the nearness of genius. Such was the bright, humanistic genius of Pushkin, expressing itself in the image of a harmonious, clear personality.

Vissarion Belinsky, the nineteenth century literary critic, wrote that Pushkin belonged to the category of immortal phenomena perpetually in motion, which do not remain at the point death catches them, but continue to develop in the consciousness of society.

In the period of more than a century which has elapsed since his death, Pushkin, of course, has gained in significance in people's minds as they have discovered more and more facets of his genius. Then, too, in Pushkin's lifetime not only the number of the reading public, but the population as a whole, was infinitely smaller than it is today, not to mention that Pushkin's name and works have long since crossed the frontiers of his native land.

All of Pushkin, the whole immensity of his historical development, is inseparably entwined with the major historical moments in the life of our people.

Pushkin was part of the spiritual uplift which followed the victory of the people against Napoleon in 1812. Chapter after chapter of nineteenth and early twentieth century history reveal the ever-greater and more important role that Pushkin played in the life of the people, in the growing struggle of opposing classes at different stages of the development

of society right up to the eve of the October Revolution.

Pushkin — the poet of freedom, the accuser of tyranny, the great patriot, the proclaimer of a bright future for the whole people — was with us in our movement toward that future. And this gave ever greater significance to his immortal creations.

Still he was not yet that Pushkin whom we learned to know and respond to with the coming of the new era, the triumph of the Great October Socialist Revolution, the introduction of the great mass of the people to culture and an active intellectual life, a fantastic growth of interest in the works of the genius, the mass publication of his works and the development of Soviet studies of Pushkin.

Turgenev in his time, cautiously and with reservations, called Pushkin a national poet and underlined the difference between this term and the term "people's poet".

"But what great poet," he said, "is read by those we call the common people? The common people of Germany do not read Goethe, or the French Molière, and even the English do not read Shakespeare."

In our own day I have heard Western writers put forward similar opinions.

"That poetry should be accessible to millions? Never has been and never will be."

But we believe that it is not only possible, ideally it can only be so:

real poetry must be within reach of millions. We believe the contradiction between the national significance of poetry and its inaccessibility to the mass readership of that nation to be a passing, dying phenomenon. Such "majesty", a majesty hemmed in by a narrow circle of admirers and connoisseurs, is incomplete and unfulfilled.

The historical fate of Pushkin's poetry incontrovertibly sustains our conviction. Such unfulfilled majesty is a thing of the past for Pushkin. In our Soviet age, Pushkin has become what he was intended to be by history. He is the founder and source of a literature, the world significance of which has long been unquestioned and entrenched. He is an artist whose creative genius is acknowledged even by foes. Today he is the most read, popular and beloved poet of a great, multinational country, which is an example of the merging of one of the peaks of cultural achievement with socialism and communism.

Time selects the indestructible golden treasury of Pushkin's verse, though it is not easy to enumerate. After all, it numbers not only *Eugene Onegin*, *Boris Godunov*, and *Bronze Horseman*, masterpieces of love and philosophical lyrics, short tragedies, fairy tales, *Captain's Daughter* and other prose works, but also includes critical essays, travel notes, a historical sketch and God knows what else, not excluding some brilliant examples of the epistolary genre.

And all this wealth has reached us intact, without losing any of its live, triumphant power.

This power — the lofty and pure power of his poetry, the humanism of his thoughts and feelings, by right has now been inherited by the humanism of socialism.

Lines learned at the school desk and repeated a thousand times return to one's thoughts cloaked in disturbing novelty and ring with their initial fullness of meaning:

"And in long years to come the
nation will remember
How virtuous sentiments I with my
lyre awoke,
How in a cruel age I sang in praise
of freedom
And mercy on the fallen spoke."

The "cruel age" has not yet departed from our planet. Perhaps it is even more refined in its inhumanity than in Pushkin's day. In any case, it is equipped with much more powerful and monstrous means of expressing its cruelty. And perhaps never before did the simple combination of words "virtuous sentiments" mean so much or find such comprehension as in our age of struggle between "virtuous sentiments" and the inhuman.

We cannot but know that cruelty and violence and barbarism and hatred for man — by a strange necessity — attempt to pass themselves off as something "heroic", "romantic". They too wish to appear in the colours, sounds and words of art and poetry.

Just as egoism, and spiritual decay, self-interest and low animality would like to appear before the world in the form of an art particularly complex, incomprehensible to all but a chosen few, like the most precious essence of things.

There is no place for these in the limpid, noble, courageous and humanistic poetry of Pushkin. Rather, it is the best antidote to the noxious, anti-humanitarian trends exhibited by some exponents of contemporary art who call themselves ultra-realistic. It heals and teaches health of mind, clarity of view and that "exalted sobriety of mind" of which Gogol wrote, reflecting on the essence of Russian poetry.

There is no need for us to foist onto Pushkin's poetry a communist content or to seek out those scattered ideological meanings which coincide with our outlook and understanding. We have got over and left behind us that period when his heroes were criticised because of their incompatibility with the concepts of the present revolutionary period. Pushkin came to us and has been accepted by the people as he is, in the organic whole of his poetry.

The realism of Russian literature, which was fated for such a great historical destiny, began with Pushkin. It is as though he encompassed in himself all the realism of the Russian people's outlook on life, their "colourful manner of expression and cheerful craftiness of mind" to use the poet's own words.

To K***

Shall I forget that wond'rous moment
When first thou didst appear to me? —
A vision fleeting and resplendent,
A foretaste of divinity.

Despite the sorrows that oppressed me,
The tumult of this earthly race,
Thy gentle voice for long obsessed me,
And I was haunted by thy face.

The years advanced. Storms of rebellion
Shattered old dreams of gods and men.
No longer then thy voice resounded,
Nor did thine image haunt me then.

Condemned to far incarceration,
Tediously I told the years,
Bereft of God and inspiration,
Bereft of life and love and tears.

But with my fainting soul's renaissance
Again thou didst appear to me,
A vision fleeting and resplendent,
A foretaste of divinity.

My heart was filled with adoration,
Banishing the anguish and the fears,
And God was mine, and inspiration,
Life, and love, and even tears.

1825

Drinking Song

Why hath the merriment ceased?
Lift the inebriate voice!
Hail to the wives of our choice,
And the beautiful damsels adorning our feast!
Fill the goblets to brimming!
Into them fling
A wedding ring

And pledge the betrothal with hymning!
Raise high your glasses! Abstinence is treason!
Hail to the Muses! Hail to Reason!

Burn ever brighter, oh Sun!
As the light of the lamp is eclipsed and erased
When thy glorious day is begun,
So the sickly illusions of mind are replaced
When irradiant Reason, pierces the night.
Vanish, oh Darkness! Hail to the Light!

1825

The Prophet

By anguish of the spirit torn,
Into the wilderness I fled,
And there among the wastes forlorn
A six-winged Seraph raised his head.
With fingers fragile as a dream
He touched mine eyes and made them gleam
As gleams the eye when it absorbs
The light through fear-dilated orbs.
He touched mine ears, and suddenly
I heard the monsters in the sea,
The shudder of the nether sky,
The beating of an angel's wings,
The song the grass in growing sings,
And all of nature's harmony.
He touched my lips, and then my tongue
From out my sinful mouth he wrung.
He took a serpent's forkéd fang
With wisdom dripping from the tips
He pressed it to my bloodless lips,
And through my veins the liquid sprang.
My breast he cleavéd with his sword
And ripped my heart from out its bed;
Into the gaping wound he poured
A stream of fire. I, as dead,
Fell prostrate on the sands and lay
Until I heard my Maker say:
"Hearken, oh Prophet, and obey!

At my bidding and in my name
Go forth and roam, nor ever stay,
And with the Word set hearts aflame!"

1826

The Nightingale and the Rose

At nightfall, in a silent garden, odorous with spring,
An Orient nightingale unto the rose doth sing.
His carollings no rapture in the rose arouse,
Unheeding and unfeeling, she sinketh to a drowse.
Are not thy rhapsodies to beauty just as vain?
If cold thy mistress, Poet, what can singing gain?
She heedeth not, she heareth not the poet;
A look she may vouchsafe; her grace — she'll not bestow it.

1827

Selected passage from the novel in verse, EUGENE ONEGIN

(*The death of Lensky*)

Still and stark upon the snow he lay,
A languorous serenity upon his brow;
Straight to his heart the lead had made its way,
Now steaming blood from out the wound did flow.
So soon before so sudden a cessation
This heart had beat with inspiration,
Enmity, hope, love and strife;
This blood had surged with plenitude of life.
Now, like a house uncannily deserted,
All within is dark and still,
Shutters are shut; windows chalked,
To white and staring eyes converted.
Gone is the master. To what new place?
God alone knows. Gone without a trace.

1823—31

Translated from the Russian by Margaret Weiffin

Where Was the "Cradle of Mankind"?

from the magazine "Vokrug Sveta" (Around the World)

Explorations along the canyon of the River Razdan near Yerevan, capital of Soviet Armenia, have revealed caves that were inhabited by Palaeolithic man — 60,000 years ago!

Ever since Darwin, scientists have been trying to establish the site of Man's origin. Today it still remains an open question. Some believe that Man's divergence from the general anthropoid stem took place somewhere in the area of western Europe, others that it took place in northern Africa, and still others — in southern Asia. But no evidence so far discovered has warranted a final conclusion.

However, more and more areas of the world which provide traces of early man are being explored.

"Perhaps one such site was found by our expedition", Dr. A. Martirosyan, who headed the group, told *Vokrug Sveta*.

"The aim of the expedition mounted by the Armenian Academy of Sciences was to investigate caves in the Armenian highlands. On the face of the mountains which close in on Lake Sevan we discovered a huge number of hitherto unknown rock drawings depicting scenes of hunting, ritual dances and ceremo-

nies, drawings of the sun, planets, dragons, snake-fighters . . ."

Martirosyan went on to say that though the drawings could be dated to the Iron, Bronze and Neolithic cultures and were extremely interesting because of the vast fund of information they provided about those eras, the most thrilling discovery made was in a cave by the River Razdan.

In a trial dig that went down to about seven feet in places the team found nearly 2,000 whole artifacts and another 4,000 incomplete ones dating back to the middle and later Palaeolithic era. Even the so-called "classical" Old Stone Age excavations which have given their names to whole periods of the age have not yielded such a wealth of objects.

As only the top layer has so far been investigated, there is every reason to believe that further digs will uncover the remains of early Palaeolithic man and — who knows? — perhaps the caves of Armenia will someday yield the secrets of the "cradle of man".

Crowds leaving after a matinee at the world-famous Moscow Art Theatre.

by Georgi Tovstonogov,
Director of the Gorky Theatre in
Leningrad, People's Artist of the USSR,
and Winner of Lenin and State Prizes.

from the magazine "Teatr"

Pride of the Russian Theatre



The "Stanislavsky Method" or simply "method acting" have become commonplace terms in London, Paris, New York or Buenos Aires. But it all began 70 years ago when the curtain first went up at the Moscow Art Theatre.

The founders, Konstantin Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko, had started on a road that was to revolutionise theatre art the world over. Habitual theatre conventions and traditions went toppling; a bold, innovative repertoire was created and innumerable experiments conducted. In the course of their searchings, Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko worked out new principles of stage directing and elaborated a now universally recognised theory of realistic acting.



*A photograph from the archives.
I. Moskvin as Loko and M. Savitskaya
as Anna in a production of Gorky's
"The Lower Depths" at the Moscow
Art Theatre in 1902. This production
marked a revolution in theatre — the
birth of realism.*



The first time I saw a production at the Moscow Art Theatre was in 1933. I had come from Tbilisi in order to apply for admission to a theatre school. I was young, in love with the theatre and my mind was filled to the brim with theatre events, theatre novelties and leftist ideas. I dreamed of Meyerhold's theatre, of Tairov's... Naturally I intended to pay a visit to the Art Theatre as well, but merely for the sake of broadening my horizons.

I had never been to the Art Theatre, but I was quite convinced it had outlived its day. It was stagnant, overnaturalistic, outside the trends of contemporary theatre. Such was the strength of current opinion, particularly prevalent among youth.

The first play I saw at the Art Theatre was "Days of the Turbins", by Mikhail Bulgakov. I was overwhelmed. The emotional shock I received then has lasted for 35 years, there is no erasing it, even though since then I have seen so many stage performances...

A few opening lines are spoken and suddenly the stage is plunged into impenetrable darkness (the action of the play takes place during the Civil War and the power is cut). In the darkness on stage, life goes on — somebody demands matches, others talk in agitated voices.

I had the feeling that the dark of that uncertain night had engulfed the audience and that everyone present identified with the actors on stage. In other words, we had been transported to the Kiev of 1919.

We all felt cold, uncomfortable, upset. It is difficult to express this sensation in words.

It was a miracle of art (like any miracle, it cannot be explained fully). There was the feeling that you were part of what was happening on stage.

One might say: you were young, impressionable, it was the first play you saw at the Moscow Art Theatre. But no! Later I saw the play 10 more times. And each time that miracle was reenacted. It had nothing to do with a first impression. It was a harmony of the whole and the creation of a contact with the audience, which is possible only in the theatre and which is essential in the theatre. The Moscow Art Theatre knew the art of making such contact.

That is how I became a convinced "method" adherent in the theatre.

As time went on I began to discern "method" principles at work in theatres which followed quite different lines. These principles appeared to me as the distillation of man's life on the stage. I loved then and still do, the untrammelled fantasy, theatricality, ingeniousness and experimentation of Meyerhold. I have benefited greatly from the rational, picturesque and poetic theatre of Tairov. Nevertheless, I could see "method" principles in the work of these as well.

Details of human existence, the culmination of man's spiritual life on stage became of the utmost importance to me.

I remember once seeing a semi-

The Moscow Art Theatre discovered Mikhail Bulgakov as a playwright. Its production of his "Days of the Turbins" was "a miracle of art", says Georgi Toostonogov, famous stage director.



A scene from Schiller's "Marie Stuart", with Queen Elizabeth holding court. This is one of the comparatively few foreign plays in the theatre's repertoire.



The three sisters in Chekhov's play. Chekhov's name is closely associated with the Art Theatre, and the very first production there was of "The Seagull".



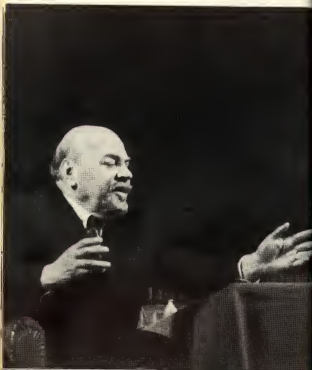
concert performance of "Hamlet" given by a small travelling company. They followed a romantic style of presentation, redolent of nineteenth-century romanticism before the impact of Stanislavsky's ideas. But when the actor, according to all the rules of such theatre, took the precise centre of the stage to address the audience, and when two large tears slowly coursed down his absolutely impassive face and then he intoned — "To be or not to be" — a shudder ran through the audience. That was a moment which belonged to the Moscow Art Theatre.

And so it goes on. I experience such moments in different theatres, in different countries. They are miracles of art that would have been impossible without the birth, 70 years ago, of that unique theatre. Even though (this is natural), the creators of such moments may not consider themselves disciples of Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko.

An analogous situation exists in poetry. There is a multitude of poets of different schools, different trends. The subjective vision of the poet is granted. The poet feels, and must feel, incidentally, that he is completely independent in the pattern of his thought, in his manner of expression or as is said, "self-expression". But at the same time it is quite obvious that if at the beginning of the last century there had been no Pushkin, then no poet writing today would express himself as he does.

The same is true of the Moscow

Lenin (A. N. Gribov), the "dreamer in the Kremlin", talks to H. G. Wells (A. N. Ktorov) in the Art Theatre production of Nikolai Pogodin's "The Kremlin Chimes".



Art Theatre principles on the stage.

Just as every Russian poet, on maturing, discovers as if thunder-struck, his affinity to and relationship with Pushkin, any real actor or director, I am sure, at some time suddenly discovers his relationship with Stanislavsky.

I catch myself waiting for such moments as I watch plays in any theatre and I feel thrilled when they come. When I saw Ernst Busch in "Galileo", a classical Brecht production by the Berliner Ensemble, the cradle of the Brechtian tradition, I saw that remarkable actor produce magnificent "method" moments. When I was immensely enjoying "King Lear" in a production of keen penetration directed by Peter Brook, I saw Paul Scofield act as Stanislavsky had taught.

Albert Einstein spent the greater part of his life trying to devise what he called a "unified field theory". Physicists are not sure it can be done at all. But the theatre, I believe, has its "unified field", its overall underlying principles. That "unified field" of tension in the auditorium is constituted by the flow of microparticles which is emitted by the artistry of the Moscow Art Theatre, by the method of Konstantin Stanislavsky.



Population, Food and the "Third World"

by **Alexei Levkovsky,**
Doctor of Economics

from the journal "Voprosy Filosofii"
(Questions of Philosophy)

Publications, both scholarly and popular, are increasingly often dramatising the fact that a shortage of food keeps hundreds of millions constantly undernourished and that hunger is threatening to sweep the entire world. This is not sensationalism; these expressions of alarm reflect actual, and most contradictory, processes taking place in the world today. At the same time, the prolonged and intense ideological dispute over the population-and-food problem reveals a difference of views on its essence and ways to achieve a radical solution. In the final analysis, this problem offers a battleground for various conflicting interests.

All of which gives added importance to a knowledge of the actual state of affairs and of the laws of

development governing these processes. Needless to say, the key factors behind population changes are natural and social. Man lives, produces and consumes as a member of society, so there is no writing off the conditions of his social environment. More: the social factor is the dominant one. But if it is divorced from the natural factor oversimplification may result.

The transitional state of the social order in the world confuses the population-and-food problem. This problem cannot be interpreted correctly outside some of the basic social phenomena which still warrant closer investigation. The point is that the majority of mankind lives in what is known as the "third world". Its social and economic multiformity offers a clue to the

understanding of many social processes in the developing nations, including the ones we propose to discuss.

Population Explosion

The world's population is rapidly expanding. In 1920 it was about 1,900 million. In 1960 the figure rose to 3,000 million and by the year 2000 it is likely to top 6,000 million. By 2050 it will reach 11,000 million and later in the 21st century will hit 15,000 million. No wonder this expansion, with its attendant problems, is often referred to as "the population explosion".

Every explosion has an epicentre. From the 1920s to the 1960s the population of economically advanced nations soared from 674 million to 976 million. Toward 2000 the figure should reach 1,500 million. What are now known as the developing countries have in the same four decades recorded a population growth from 1,187 million to 2,022 million and by 2000 will reach close to 4,700 million. Average estimates put the mid-21st century population of the advanced nations at 2,000 million and that of the developing countries at 9,000 million. At the end of the next century from 80 per cent to 90 per cent of the predicted 15,000 million population should fall to the share of what is now the "third world".

Forecasts agree that the epicentre of this population explosion is (and will long remain) in the "third world". The rate of population growth there is double that of the

economically advanced parts of the world. In the 1965-80 period it should amount to 2.58 per cent in the developing countries and 1.13 per cent in the advanced nations.

Before the 1940s mass epidemics and famines led to an absolute decrease of the population in several large countries in Asia, Africa and South America. Ruthless exploitation of oppressed nations produced an important protective change in the law of population growth in those countries: the large family became a guarantee of preservation of the labour force, a source of social security for the elderly and a vehicle for national survival.

The postwar removal or restriction of the political rule of foreign capital has drastically improved the internal social situation in the countries in question and made possible an extensive application of the world's medical, scientific and technological advances. As a result, the mechanism of population changes suddenly began to operate in conditions in which the baneful effect of colonialism on people's life had grown substantially weaker. The protective reaction (large families) which over many decades had been sanctified by national and religious customs and institutions, was suddenly much stronger than the weakened social barriers it had to surmount. That is why the current population explosion in the "third world" is an inevitable consequence of the long colonial oppression which deformed natural social evolution.

The rapid drop in the mortality rate as a result of medical and scientific advances is not accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the birth-rate. In the next few decades the gap between birth-death ratios in the advanced and the developing countries is likely to widen.

The result is politically important distinctions in the age structure of the population, which are likely to linger. The bulk of the "third world" population is growing progressively younger. The relationship between these two groups of nations has become, figuratively speaking, much like the relationship between youth and middle-age. For a certain period this situation creates grave difficulties for the "third world" — the proportion of those unable to work has become very large. Compared to the advanced countries, where for every 100 able-bodied members of the population there are 57 unable to work, in the "third world" the ratio is 100 : 85.

Apart from the gap in population growth rates in the advanced and developing nations there are differences in economic and social shifts within the population. The developing countries record an absolute rise in the number of farm workers. It was 781 million (65 per cent) of their total population (excluding China) in 1950 and 1,073 million (64 per cent) in 1965.

The same period showed an intensive absolute drop (from 242 million to 186 million) and a particularly intensive relative drop (from 33 per cent to 21 per cent) in the

ranks of the farming population of the advanced countries. Thus, the population of the developing nations is predominantly rural and that of the advanced, predominantly urban.

Food Shortage

From 1954-55 to 1964-65 the world's food output soared 30 per cent and population grew by 22 per cent. On the surface, the situation does not appear alarming.

However, a global approach to the food problem in our divided world demands a study of the specific features of the situation in individual areas. In the advanced and the developing nations the food production index rises almost equally — or even with the latter leading. In the advanced countries the 1962-1966 index reached 134 and in the developing ones 136 (the 1952-56 index being taken as 100). A per capita food output would offer an entirely different picture, for the "third world's" population has expanded. In the economically advanced countries this index rose to 117 in the same period, while in the developing countries it soared at the end of the 1950s to 106, stabilised, and in 1965-66 sank to the level of 1956.

Thus, food production in the economically advanced nations outstrips population growth. In the future overproduction of food may pose a greater threat than lack of food. Meanwhile the "third world" faces an alarming situation. It has a vast potential of farm resources: in the middle 1960s it was cultiva-

ting 2,813 million acres while the economically advanced nations farmed 2,542 million acres. In Asia the ratio of cultivated area to total arable resources is 63 per cent, in Africa 29 per cent and in Latin America 19 per cent. In Europe, excluding the USSR, it is 63 per cent and in North America 50 per cent.

A vital key to understanding the opposite economic and technological trends at work in the two economically different groups of countries is the size of rural population per unit of cultivated arable land. In 1960-64 the per capita average in Asia was 2.95 acres, in Africa 11.75 acres, in Latin America 12.5 acres, in Europe (excluding the USSR) 6 acres and in North America 78.75 acres. Present-day intensification of agriculture requires (and generates) a drop in number of workers per acre. In the "third world" the swelling farm population unavoidably builds up the pressure on land (i.e., more people per unit of land).

The immense lack of modern farm equipment in the "third world" can be illustrated by the following figures: in 1965 there were only 809,000 tractors (Latin America had 515,000 or 1.2 per 2,500 acres of cultivated land); in the economically advanced countries there were 12,444,000 or 18.8 tractors per 2,500 acres). The consumption of fertilizer in these groups of countries is also strikingly different: in 1963-64 the developing countries used 4.2 million metric tons, or about five pounds per acre, and in

the advanced countries, 32.2 million metric tons, or about 44 pounds per acre. Adverse technical and economic factors coupled with adverse social factors lead to lower crop yields and labour productivity. Estimates for the late 1950s say that the productivity of the agricultural worker (Italy, 100) equalled 25 in India, 21 in Thailand, 33 in Algeria, 286 in the United States, 199 in Canada and 228 in Holland. Consequently the individual farmer's work in the developing countries mentioned here is only an eighth or a tenth as productive as it is in the advanced.

Unproductive systems in agriculture increasingly fail to ensure a sufficiency of consumer foodstuffs and raw materials for other spheres of the economy. At the same time they prevent a radical surge of the productive forces in agriculture itself and absorption of the vast amount of surplus labour. Only diversification of the economy, eventually leading to industrialisation on the scale and in the forms required by each country, is capable of removing these difficulties. But such diversification requires corresponding quantities of marketable foodstuffs, skilled labour, investments, etc. Nothing short of radical social and political measures can cut this vicious circle.

Per Capita Food Consumption

A slow growth, or a slump in per capita food production has an extremely harsh effect — the "capita" gets very little. The economically advanced nations record a rela-

tively high per capita food consumption. Just before the 1960s they registered 3,050 calories per person as against 2,150 in the "third world". Diet pattern also differs sharply: in the economically advanced countries products of animal origin account for 880 calories; in the developing nations, for only 180. The diet in the "third world" is insufficient, monotonous, has a low nutritive value and is poor in proteins (lack of meat, milk, butter, fish, etc.).

We are witnessing the first stage of a mounting food crisis in the "third world" — its countries are working painfully to achieve the minimum necessary level of nourishment, mostly quantitative, with a rising consumption of vegetables. So far, meat remains a luxury. And still the need for meat products, particularly in view of the rise in the number of people engaged in high-productivity socio-economic forms of occupation (mostly urban), is going up. Already, elements of a second stage of the crisis are ripening, a stage at which there arises a need for a qualitative change in diet. In the immediate future it may generate a need for large-scale imports of meat, eggs, dairy products and other items (it is anticipated that in 1975 grain will comprise less than half of food imports). The mass production of these commodities in the developing countries requires a drastic change and the intensification of their agricultures. Without doubt, given a predominance of unproductive forms, these

goals are unattainable. That produces another tangle of social conflicts in the "third world", involved as they already are.

At present the gap between food production and demand in the "third world" is widening markedly. As a result, more and more food has to be imported. The cost of imports shoots upward. But even if this food is imported the per capita calorie consumption will rise by no more than about six to 11 calories a day; that means that the mass of the people will remain undernourished: It is estimated that normalisation of this situation will take at least 15 years, and then only if the gross national output rises by at least 5.5-6.0 per cent annually.

According to tentative long-term estimates of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation, the developing countries will by the year 2000 be consuming 2,450 calories per capita. To reach that level, their entire food production must quadruple and the output of animal products soar to 5.83 times the 1957-59 level. Only in the mid-21st century, FAO experts say, will the developing countries approach the advanced in terms of calorie intake (3,100 as against 3,300) while consuming, as before, only half the proportion of animal products (600 and 1,200 calories a day respectively).

Contradiction in Food Imports

A growing number of developing nations are finding themselves in a tragically paradoxical situation. Pre-

dominantly exporters of farm produce, they are rapidly becoming its major importers. From 1955 to 1965 the export of food, including beverages and tobacco, in absolute indices, grew from 7,680 million dollars to 10,370 million dollars, corresponding to 32.7 per cent and 28.6 per cent of total exports respectively, while imports of food rose from 3,550 million dollars to 5,890 million dollars (or from 16.3 per cent to 17 per cent of the total imports). Food imports are growing faster (5.2 per cent annually) than exports (3 per cent).

Already some 40 developing nations are 100 per cent importers of food. In terms of cost, total food imports rose from 4,330 million dollars in 1958 to 5,880 million dollars in 1965.

Due to lack of foreign currency they find it impossible to buy all the food they consume on the usual commercial terms. On the other hand, we have huge resources of food in some Western countries. This situation has generated a contradictory system of large-scale food deliveries to a series of developing countries on favourable terms.

For the developing nations the influx of large-scale food deliveries has produced a tangle of socially positive and negative consequences. Without question, the foreign deliveries of foods, even if they are the simplest food staples, have relieved the food shortage and saved part of the resources vital to other areas of the national economies of the developing countries. At the same

time, the Western powers have obtained important economic and political levers which they have used to support social and economic tendencies that served their interests, and to put a brake on those which did not. Some local currency obtained by the sale of Western foods was immediately credited to selected companies in that particular country. Large sums were used in one form or another to bribe or subsidise favoured individuals and organizations. Another series of negative consequences for the recipient countries stemmed from the fact that the foreign deliveries of grain over many years seriously affected social and economic processes in their countryside. Pressure that would eventually force changes in outdated forms of agriculture and land-usage was relieved for a period. The influx of cheap foreign grain hindered the cultivation of the same crops at home and affected adversely great masses of the peasant population. Consequently, at a time of acute food shortage it was to a certain extent disadvantageous (due to the low prices) to expand grain production. Only the magnitude of the food crisis — an obviously negative factor — overcomes, and only gradually, the effect of that contradiction. Thus, aid that is incorrectly given does great harm to the interests of the recipient country.

According to many Western experts, the massive US foreign food deliveries under the PL 480 Act were a by-product of US domestic policy. By this means the United

States succeeded in selling to political and economic advantage the surpluses it had failed to sell at home. The storage of these surpluses was expensive, had gravely affected the domestic food market and prevented Big Business from keeping prices sufficiently high. US stocks of wheat, which had grown from seven million tons in 1952 to 38.4 million tons in 1961 (in Canada from 5.9 million tons in 1952 to 16.5) then dropped to 14.6 million tons (in Canada to 11.4). Estimates say that such stocks are not nearly enough to meet the usual foreign commercial demand.

In the new situation the US ruling circles hurried to introduce, with effect from January 1967, new legislation concerning food deliveries abroad. After a transitional period (from the end of 1971) such deliveries are to be paid for in hard currency. Now that foreign currency is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain the developing countries are facing further exacerbation of the food problem.

The food crisis mainly affects the "third world", but it can be overcome by the joint efforts of all states. It is an international problem. Increasingly anxious about the food situation in the developing countries, experts point to the threatening consequences of the simultaneous action of the following factors:

1) on the whole, food production in the developing countries is expanding slower than the demand; 2) their potential easily cultivable acreage has sharply decreased; 3)

their populations are multiplying very fast; 4) aid from the advanced nations has not increased; 5) their debts are soaring.

Unable to build up new foreign economic relations, the capitalist powers have to look for makeshifts. To retain the spheres of activities of their monopolies and to prolong the life of capitalism, the ruling circles of the Western powers are resorting to methods that are not usual for them, and are even downright alien to their nature. That constitutes one of the key social functions of state monopoly capitalism in the world arena. A manifestation of this is government food deliveries to other nations. The contradictory essence of capitalism today, however, periodically explodes its own methods of foreign economic policy (an example is the abrogation of Act PL 480). Another indication is that now only six per cent of the total aid and 15 per cent of the technical aid from official sources go into agriculture.

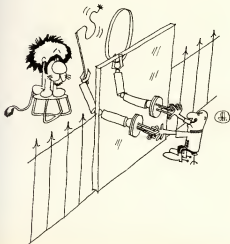
For the developing countries the population-and-food problem involves, above all, the gradual and realistic replanning of their small-scale commodity and small-scale capitalist forms of farming. Ways of tackling that most involved problem differ fundamentally from the class point of view. However, as evidenced by the history of the economically advanced nations and the experience of the developing states themselves, if such a complex of social and economic changes is carried out with their internal re-

sources alone, and if their private capitalist forms and the political power of the richer sections of their population are allowed to survive, the result will be the long drawn-out and painful birth of capitalist industry.

The imperialist monopolies are slowing down, objectively and subjectively, the essential replanning of the existing socio-economic forms in the developing countries thereby crippling the healthy evolution of

their productive forces and production relations. This is their major negative, reactionary effect on the socio-economic development of the "third world": millions of people are being left without work and food.

To sum up: from the economic relations between the two economically different groups of countries follows an added objective argument in favour of socialism and planned economy on a world scale.



The Krivoi Rog Giant

Following an interview with Mark Rosenstrakh, director of the Ukrainian Institute for the Design of Iron and Steel Works, Lev Miroshchchenko wrote this story for the popular science magazine "Nauka i Zhizn".

The world's largest blast furnace was put into operation near Krivoi Rog in the Soviet Union in 1967. It can turn out some two million tons of pig iron a year, almost half the production of all blast furnaces in Russia at the beginning of the First World War.

It takes about 150,000 workers, the population of a medium-sized town, to handle the pig iron this giant produces. But the furnace itself is operated by barely more than a hundred men. It is automated, which is nothing unusual in our day; but bear in mind that this 25-storey fire-breathing volcano consumes 60-ton carloads of ore and coke at the rate of over 200 a day. Its maw could house a concert hall. Yet the whole is run from one control centre. An electronic computer receives signals from 500 transducers — thermometers, pyrometers, pressure gauges, consumption meters and other instruments installed all over the blast furnace. When required, the computer modifies the smelting conditions.

Every three hours 600 tons of molten pig iron is poured into great travelling ladles, which carry it to the steel smelting shops.

To protect its walls from the heat,

3,500,000 cubic feet of water daily run through the cooling jacket of this fiery furnace — enough water to supply a population of 250,000.

The slag is turned into granules, a valuable building material for the plant itself.

Are blast furnaces of this size really necessary? Yes, indeed. This latest furnace has an effective capacity of 94,500 cubic feet, as compared with 88,750 cubic feet previous record capacity of a blast furnace first blown in Japan in February 1966.

Ten years ago, the biggest blast furnace in the Soviet Union had a capacity of 52,500 cubic feet; 100 years ago, the capacity of the biggest blast furnace in the world was only 8,750 cubic feet.

Until quite recently many specialists believed that it was inexpedient, even dangerous, to go on increasing the size of blast furnaces. But three years ago the USSR built an 80,500 cubic feet blast furnace — another record at the time — and it proved to be more efficient than the smaller ones. It is still working satisfactorily. The Krivoi Rog giant is even more efficient: it produces the cheapest pig iron in the Soviet Union.

The Murderer

by Grigori Goein
from the magazine "Yunost"

Kiriyusha Lapenkov, a beanpole of a man, sat dining in the dietetic canteen. He was in a filthy mood, a grim mood.

Why should anyone be in radiant high spirits if he has gastritis and is sitting in a stuffy canteen eating a 43-lopeck lunch: soup with grated vegetables, steamed rissoles with mashed potatoes, and white flabby blancmange. What kind of thoughts could such food stimulate in the brain?

Only dark thoughts. Grated thoughts. Steamed ones. Flabby, jellied thoughts. Unsalted ones.

But Lapenkov's constitution revolted. At the very moment when his stomach was apathetically accepting the insipid slop within its walls,

his brain was seized with furious activity. It was as if galvanized, producing pungent, salty, succulent thoughts, well-seasoned with pepper and oriental herbs, piquant, sizzling thoughts, like skewered shashlik over red-hot charcoal.

A brief outline of those thoughts: 1. The cook's a bastard. Grate the vegetables, O.K. But don't make a mush of them. Sit there and tucks into curried mutton himself.

2. The local doctor's an incompetent fool. If he finds a man's got gastritis, why doesn't he treat it! All he does is put me on this lousy diet. And they've just given those quacks a rise!

3. The trade union branch chairman's a right so-and-so. Won't give

me a voucher for a free rest-cure in the Caucasus. "Comrade Lapenkov", he says, "you've only got gastritis. We've got blokes in the branch with ulcers". What a pain in the neck! Not going to vote for him next time. Sign of protest.

4. Korolkov, the departmental chief. Stinking bureaucrat. Squeaky voice like an old woman. "Comrade Lapenkov", he says to me, "why haven't you sent off an enquiry about the transformers to Kerch?" "Because I forgot!" "And did you forget to draw your pay?" The cheek of it! How would he like to take home what I get on pay day?

5. My neighbour Rubinin. Shady creature. Probably a pervert. Music going every night, women squealing. Orgies. Never invited me once, the whatname!

6. What a ghastly summer! So hot and close. They say solar radiation is on the increase. We'll go bloody bald!

7. Altogether morals are slipping . . . people are going to seed. And in the street today I didn't see a single pretty girl.

8. Our boys can't play football for love or money. Disband the teams and use the stadiums for growing cucumbers . . . That'd do more good, anyway.

9. What rubbish you get on TV all the time . . . Think I'll get rid of the set down at the second-hand shop.

10. What a life!

At the tenth point Lapenkov's thoughts ground to a halt. But not because he had reached a climax.

By no means. It was just that he'd suddenly noticed that a bearded man sitting at the same table was looking at him intently. Lapenkov didn't like it. Once someone started staring at him he got flustered. He gulped down his blancmange and made for the door. But he was somehow conscious with his back that the bearded man was following.

They walked about ten yards along the street, and all the while Lapenkov could feel the eyes of the other man boring into the back of his head. Suddenly he wheeled.

"Excuse me," the bearded man said, "but the thing is that I'm an artist, and I'm very impressed by your face . . . It's just what I've been searching for . . ."

"What do you mean?" Lapenkov asked, confused.

"Just what I say!" the other replied. "You have a face in a million . . . A low, brutish forehead, heavy overhanging eyebrows, a pointed nose, narrow, nervous lips . . . And your cheekbones! God knows how to describe them!"

"What have my cheekbones got to do with it?" Lapenkov was a little put out. "What do you want, comrade?"

"I want you to pose for me," the artist said. "I need your face badly for a picture I'm painting . . . It won't take up much of your time . . . Just a few sittings . . . And I'll pay you for it!"

The friendly smile on the bearded man's face and his tender words "I'll pay you" acted like a tranquilliser on Lapenkov.

"Who do you want me to pose as?" he asked.

"A murderer," the artist said with a smile.

There was a pause.

"What kind?" Lapenkov finally asked cautiously. "Why is he a murderer? Under what article of the act?"

"He's not a murderer in the usual sense of the word," the artist continued, still smiling. "He's a poacher. The painting's called 'The Murderer'. Thick woods all around, and in the foreground a roe and the hunter. The delicate, quivering roe, covered with gore, lies in the grass, the hunter bending over her. A poacher with a smoking rifle in his hand. He has a low, brutish forehead, and heavy, overhanging eyebrows. His thin lips are twisted in a sadistic grimace."

"Here' come off it!" Lapenkov protested. "I won't do it. Who do you think you are, anyway! I'm an animal lover . . . And there's my family and the neighbours to think of."

"Where do the neighbours come into it?" The artist made a face. "And as far as loving animals goes, it's out of sheer love for them that I'm doing this picture at all. I consider hunting an immoral sport! This will be a campaigning, propaganda picture from beginning to end! It'll be a protest! Why do you refuse to help in this noble endeavour?"

"I don't refuse," Lapenkov mumbled. "But it's a bit off, somehow. You'll paint my picture, and then

what will they say? 'Lapenkov's a scoundrel', they'll say."

"Why have you got this primitive outlook?" the artist demanded, pulling another face. "A painting isn't a photograph, everyone knows that very well. And if anybody does recognise you in the hunter, they won't feel anything but respect for you . . ."

"Why?"

"Because not everyone poses for a painter," the artist told him. "You might say it's a great honour. Surely you realise that."

"I have to think it over," Lapenkov replied with a gusty sigh.

"All right," the bearded man said. "Let's go over to my place. It's only a quarter of an hour's walk from here. That'll give you time to think it over."

He put his arm through Lapenkov's and hustled him along the street. Lapenkov could hardly keep up. He had to trip along smartly and at times even give a little skip. So his thoughts were skipping and tripping, too.

"I won't do it! To bell with him . . . Why? . . . Because . . . Why should people laugh? What for? Well, they wouldn't laugh really. They'd be frightened of me . . . And why shouldn't they? Let people know — With — Whom — They're — Dealing! They all think I've just got a face! Huh! But I've got a brutish forehead! Aha! Shiver in your shoes, my little pigeons! You, Tochilin! And you, Korolkov! And Rubinin! All of you! Better not to joke with a face like mine! Just — Try —



To — Insult — Me! In the painting I've got a gun! Standing over the roe! Huh! They're not such fools! Today the roe! Tomorrow them! Just try to pull a fast one! See what happens if you don't get me a voucher for a free rest-cure! A protest picture! Just see, you lot, what you've brought a man to! I'll make them all come and see it! Show them my bestial face! And it'll be interesting to look at myself in the picture! Really interesting! Fate brought us together. The girls will be petrified with fear and will all fall in love with me! Ah . . ."

"Here we are," the artist announced, halting before the entrance to a large brick building. "Well, do you agree?"

"Yes."

"I thought you would."

The artist had a large light flat. The three rooms Lapenkov wandered through were filled with beautiful old furniture, including plenty of bookshelves. From the ceiling hung huge chandeliers with a multitude of glass pendants. It was all very comfortable and, most important, cool.

"Won't you sit down?" the artist urged.

He sat down timidly and took pleasure in the cold leather at his back.

"Have some cognac?"

"Can't. Doctor's orders," Lapenkov said lugubriously.

"To bell with the doctors," exclaimed the artist. "I mustn't drink it either, but I take it in small doses and nothing happens."

He went out of the room and soon returned with a little trolley bearing two large glasses of yellow fruit juice of some kind, a dish of lemon slices, a box of chocolates, some dainty biscuits, a large dark bottle with a bright label and two empty, bulbous wine-glasses.

Lapenkov looked on enchanted at all these delights and to his amazement found his mouth watering, although he had only just eaten.

"Drink up. Don't be shy about it!" the artist commanded as he poured out a glass of cognac. "This is a very fine brand. I'll put some music on, I like to have music while I work. Find Lehar particularly inspiring. Have you any objection?"

"No, no, of course not," Lapenkov answered, again embarrassed.

They drank. The artist merely sipped a little, but Lapenkov drained his glass and then tossed off the fruit juice. The cognac was potent, with a fine aroma. The bigger glass contained orange juice, ice-cold. A wonderfully joyful feeling stole over Lapenkov, especially at the sight of the artist filling his glass again.

"Have a smoke," the artist invited, putting a packet of cigarettes on the table. "Benson and Hedges. I'm very fond of them."

"Against doctor's orders," Lapenkov said diffidently, then waved his hand in a fatalistic gesture and lit up. The cigarette was surprisingly pleasant and strong. It made his head whirl.

"Ah, well, now to work," the artist announced.

He switched on the tape-recorder,

got out a great album and settled down in an armchair facing Lapenkov.

Music poured from the loudspeakers fixed to the walls, and a blissful languor filled Lapenkov's bosom. He drank his second glass of cognac and helped himself to a third.

"What a fool I was," he thought to himself. "Just imagine — I almost refused. This is the life . . ."

The artist scrutinized Lapenkov for some minutes, then suddenly put down his sketchbook. He lit a cigarette and began pacing the room.

"Lapenkov," he burst out at length, looking his model right in the eyes, "what's happened to your face?"

"What?" Lapenkov ran a hand over his cheeks in bewilderment. "Well, what has happened to it?"

"It's undergone a radical change. Well, the features are more or less the same, but the expression's quite different. It's not what it was in the canteen."

"I don't know why that should have happened," Lapenkov said. "Perhaps it's the cognac."

"That's understandable. But I must have that expression you had on your face in the canteen. Grim, angry, and ruthless. Can you remember what you were thinking about in the canteen?"

"Various things," Lapenkov said in a subdued voice. "About people. About life."

"You've been having a lot of trouble?"

"Plenty."

"Excellent", the artist commented. "Then just recall all the things you were thinking of, remember all your enemies and try to imagine yourself giving them their just deserts."

"Er . . . bow?"

"Murder them. In thought, of course. Imagine you've been handed a rifle and told you can shoot anybody you like. Be merciless. Come on. Let's try this psychological experiment. O.K.? Shut your eyes and concentrate."

Lapenkov obediently closed his eyes and began to think.

At first his mind was a blank. Just a pleasant dizziness, and then an exquisite pain through his whole body. He made a great effort and one lone thought flashed into his head: Have a drop more cognac, old boy! No, that wouldn't do! Then his mind went blank again. At last the thoughts began to flow. They were beautiful thoughts, alluring, aromatic thoughts, with the fragrance of cognac and Benson and Hedges cigarettes.

"I'll kill that cook. What a bastard! But in-ci-den-tally, why on earth should I? He makes rotten soup! Well, so what! If you don't like it, don't eat it. Why commit murder? Better to finish off the local doctor. But poor man, he runs around all day visiting patients, doesn't get a chance to sleep at nights, and I'm thinking of shooting him! But Tochilin, now, he's one that deserves it! Why doesn't he get me a voucher for a rest-cure? Be-

cause he hasn't got any! Where will he get it from? Give birth to one, or what! And he's a real good fellow actually. And the departmental chief, Korolkov, he's another. If he shout ed at me, it means I asked for it! I forgot to send the enquiry off to Kerch, didn't I? Long may he live! And may he flourish! ... Oh, what marvellous music. Lehar? Wonderful man, Lehar! I'll have to ask my neighbour Rubinin to get some of his music taped. Rubinin's a nice fellow, too. A young, handsome lad. All the girls fall for him ... Why should I shoot him? No, I'm not sore at him. I was just mad at the summer. Beastly hot summer! A lot of radiation about ...

Should I shoot the footballers? Thousands of them, though. Not enough cartridges ... And anyway, how would we manage without football? It's a man's only pleasure ... But why only? Is it so bad to watch television in the evening? "La-la-la, I'm striding through Moscow ..." Is that Lehar? No, can't be, it's one of our songs ... Lovely song ... La-la-la, the trees so green ... la-la-la,

the tree-ee-ees so-o-o-o gree-ee-ee-ee, the tree-ee-ee-ee-ee ..."

Lapenkov was asleep, having a wonderful dream. He was walking through a beautiful city, beautiful people were coming towards him, and he had no gastritis. He was so deliciously happy that he picked up his rifle and fired into the air through sheer lightheartedness. The shot was so loud that it woke him.

He gazed stupefied for a few seconds at the bearded man sitting in the armchair opposite him and drawing something in a sketchbook. Then he remembered where he was and what he was doing there.

"Listen, comrade artist," he began in a complaining tone, "Please don't ..."

"Don't what?" the artist asked, raising his head.

"Don't make me into a murderer," Lapenkov begged. "I'm not suitable for the part ..." Without knowing why he started to sob.

"Don't worry," the artist said with a smile. "No need to get upset. I'm using you as a model for the roe ..."

Historical Forgeries

by Alexander Mongsit,
Ph. D. (Hist.)

condensed from the magazine
"Nauka i Zhizn"

Ever since writing was invented there has been no dearth of wilful forgers, and the results of their labours are filed away in archives all over the world. Some of them produced real works of art.

Not so the rather naive monks of the Abbey of St. Vincent and St. Croix in France, who came up with a document purporting to be the deed made out in 558 A.D. relating to the transfer of royal lands to the Abbey by King Hildebert I. The monks were somewhat slack about their homework, and used parchment instead of the papyrus on which all authentic sixth-century title deeds were written.

Among such falsified documents in the Russian archives have been Prince Andrei Bogolyubski's deed of gift to the Pechersky Monastery in Kiev (Kievo-Pecherskaya Lavra) and that of Prince Dmitri Donskoi

to the Trinity Sergius (Troitse-Sergievsky) Monastery.

A titular counsellor, Alexander Sulukadzev, produced two notorious forgeries early in the nineteenth century, in what purported to be Old Russian. When scholars got down to the job of translating them, however, they turned out to be meaningless jumbles of words.

From Sulukadzev the threads stretch down to the present day. In 1954 the magazine *Zbar-Phtsa* (Firebird), published by Russian emigrés in San Francisco, began a series of articles concerning a document supposedly dating from the seventh and eighth centuries in Russia—200 and even 300 years earlier than the previously known earliest records in a Slavonic language.

The story was that in 1919, during the Russian Civil War, a Colonel Izenbek of the White Army found



on a landlord's estate some wooden panels bearing texts written in ancient script. After the defeat of the whites, Izenbek fled abroad, taking the panels with him all over Europe. In Brussels he showed them to a certain Mirolyubov, who publicised them 35 years after they had been found. This publicity was continued by Sergei Lesnoy, a Russian-born professor of entomology now living in Australia, who publishes his works in Russian in Paris, Munich and Winnipeg at his own expense. They are not about beetles or butterflies, as might be expected, but about Russian history.

Lesnoy claims that the panels dated back to the seventh century and are written in an "unknown" Slavonic language. He calls them the *Book of Blate*. The panels have disappeared since they were in Mirolyubov's possession, but, according to him, they all measure 15 inches by 9 inches and are one-fifth of an inch thick. The text was inscribed with an awl and rubbed over with some brown substance.

This is a sheer forgery. Its history is not yet known (there is no evidence that Izenbek was the faker) but the language used is an impossible combination of old and new forms. The panels must have been the work of Sulukadzev.

Another forgery circulated recently among Russian emigrés was a manuscript called *The Life of Vladimir the Red Sun*. A Yuri Arbatsky, a student of Byzantine and Russian folk music, informed Dr. Georgi

Vernadsky, a distinguished historian who is a professor at New Haven University, USA, that in the thirties he had discovered, somewhere in the Balkans, a manuscript written on parchment in Old Slavonic. Its theme was the life of Vladimir the Red Sun, an early Russian ruler. Arbatsky also claimed that chemical and general tests carried out on a fragment of the manuscript at the Prague Musicological Institute in 1940 enabled the conclusion to be drawn that the parchment and the text written upon it dated back to approximately the seventh century or at the very latest the ninth century.

The present whereabouts of the document are unknown, but Arbatsky is supposed to have had a copy of the manuscript and photographs in his possession which he has kindly presented to Professor Vernadsky. The Professor seems to have been taken in by the entire rigmarole about the discovery of the manuscript, yet points out that the contents can relate only to the eleventh century.

The manuscript is written in some kind of "Russian script", claimed to be a secret code known only to a secret society whose members lived in Northern Albania, a fraternity centred around the monastery of St. Iona-Vladimir in Elbasan. Arbatsky is said to have been in contact with this fraternity.

According to the manuscript, Prince Vladimir, who incidentally lived at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century, be-

came disillusioned with Christianity, and left Rus for the Balkans, where he embraced the faith of his ancestors, the old Slavic religion. History relates, however, that Vladimir died in Berestov near Kiev in the year 1015, but because of the disturbed political situation and complications regarding succession to the throne, the nobles concealed his death from the people. It was decided to send his body to be buried in Kiev and this was done in close secrecy, even to the extent of the body being smuggled from the house where he died, wrapped in a carpet. This secrecy may have been the source of the rumour that the Prince had not died at all. A similar legend later arose around the death of Czar Alexander I, who was said to have gone to Siberia under an assumed name.

Such is Dr. Vernadsky's interpretation of *The Life of Vladimir*. Dr. Vernadsky evidently not only believes in the authenticity of *The Life* but tries to relate it to historical fact.

One can only have grave doubts about Arbatsky's manuscript.

The "Russian script" seen in the photographs of the parchment bears no relation to any Slav alphabet whatever. No language or alphabet so far known is of any help in reading the symbols used. Every code has its own rules and whoever deciphers

a code should give the key to it. Arbatsky reads the symbols as he sees fit, but nowhere produces any evidence to prove that his reading is correct. The manuscript is nowhere to be found, and no verification is possible. The secret society in Elbasan is so "secret" that nobody has been able to find it. Particular suspicion falls upon the analysis said to have been made by the Prague Institute, for which no documents have survived. It was only in 1953 that the radio-carbon method of analysis was discovered, by which it was possible to fix the age of parchment bearing an inscription. Yet somehow or other Arbatsky managed to get someone to date the inscription by means of chemical analysis 13 years before the radio-carbon method was devised.

And, of course, why should seventh and ninth century scribes describe events that took place in the eleventh century? Furthermore, we do not know of any written Slav language at such an early date.

Why should so serious a scholar as Vernadsky fall for this story about a manuscript which makes such a dubious impression on other scholars? Possibly because emigré Russian scholars abroad are keenly interested in the history of their native land. But it is a pity that they should be so easily taken in.



Dishes from Odessa

Odessa Hors d'oeuvre *For 4 portions:*

13 oz fatty cottage cheese
2 Tbs butter
1½ oz shelled walnuts
garlic, salt and pepper to taste

Pound walnuts and grate garlic. Season cottage cheese with salt and pepper, add melted butter, walnuts and garlic, mix thoroughly to a smooth consistency.

"Kuyalnik" Roll *For 4 portions:*

1 lb calves' liver
½ lb pork fat
2 medium-sized onions
1½ Tbs gelatine (½ oz)
salt and pepper to taste

Scald liver in absolutely boiling water, cut into narrow strips and fry slowly until done.

Chop onion into fine strips and fry until golden brown.

Cover piece of pork fat with boiling water and boil for about 30 minutes.

Chop pork fat into small pieces and add to fried onions, liver and gelatine, previously soaked for 5 minutes in ½ cup of water. Season with salt and pepper, mix well, then do up in cellophane in the form of a roll. Place in boiling water and cook for 10 minutes on medium heat.

Allow the roll to cool naturally, then slice and decorate with cold butter shapes.

Any piquant sauce, including horse radish, may be served with this dish.

Odessa Rissoles

For 4 portions:

13 oz chicken fillet
2 eggs
4 Tbs milk
7 Tbs butter
1½ tsp flour
½ breakfastcup breadcrumbs
salt to taste

Mince chicken fillet finely, putting it twice through the mincer. Add beaten eggs, 2 Tbs milk, and salt, and mix well to a smooth consistency.

Make a thick white sauce as follows: melt butter in a saucepan, add remainder of milk, and salt to taste, bring to the boil and then, removing saucepan from gas, add flour in a fine stream, constantly stirring. When the sauce cools and thickens, divide it into four parts.

Divide minced chicken into four parts, shape into rissoles and place a portion of sauce in the centre of each. Coat rissoles with breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat for 8—10 minutes.

The rissoles may be served with fried potatoes, marinated fruit and green peas in tartlet cases.

Tourist Special

For 4 portions:

1 lb pike-perch
⅓ breakfastcup milk
3 oz butter
2 eggs
⅓ breakfastcup breadcrumbs
1 breakfastcup vegetable oil

Remove skin from pike-perch fillet, divide fillet into 4 pieces and leave to soak in milk for 2—3 hours. Then remove from milk, squeeze gently and beat out well.

Place a knob of butter on each piece and roll each fillet into a cone shape.

Beat eggs and brush on each cone. Coat cones with breadcrumbs, then fry in previously heated frying pan in boiling vegetable oil (at 100 degrees C. or 212 degrees F.) for 10 minutes.

To Alaska via Kamchatka

by Nikolai Dikov

from the newspaper
"Sovietskaya Rossiya"

The author of this article heads the Laboratory of Archaeology, History and Ethnography at the North-Eastern Research Institute (Siberian Branch of the USSR Academy of Sciences).

Radiocarbon dating tests of archaeological finds indicate that man appeared in the Western Hemisphere between 10,000 and 30,000 years ago. But how did he get there? Primarily across North-East Asia, it was assumed, but since archaeological evidence was lacking, some scientists pointed to possible, but highly improbable, ocean routes to America through southern Pacific latitudes — Polynesia and even Antarctic waters.

Archaeological corroboration of the hypothesis that American Indians came from North-East Asia via the Kamchatka Peninsula was provided in 1964 by the discovery of ancient dwellings there and the facts revealed by a subsequent study of them.

It was an expedition from our Research Institute that found these

dwellings of palaeolithic man. Fire had burned in their stone hearths more than 15,000 years ago. Charcoal and rudely fashioned stone tips for a type of dart different from those found earlier in the area were located at a depth of about two yards. They closely resembled dart-heads discovered in America.

Near the ancient settlement we discovered a burial ground, where the most interesting finds were beads and pendants of various styles, skillfully shaped from soft coloured stone. Typically Indian, they were used to decorate the clothes of the dead.

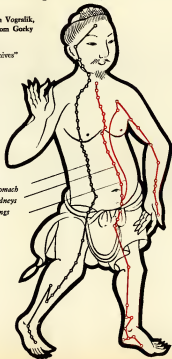
It is clear, then, that America was first settled by migrants from Asia, who came by way of the north-eastern tip of the continent, specifically through the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Pinpricks for Health?

Practice Outstrips Theory

by Professor Vadim Vognalik,
medical scientist from Gorky

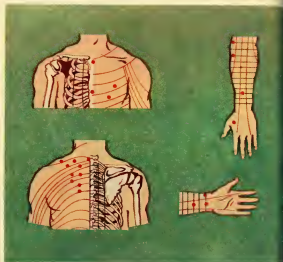
from the magazine
"Therapeutical Archives"



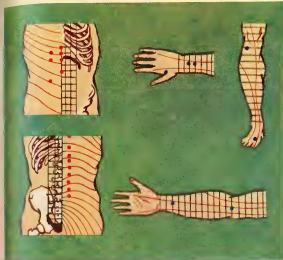
Line of the stomach

Line of the kidneys

Line of the lungs



Acupuncture points for the treatment of stenocardia



Acupuncture points for the treatment of stomach ulcer

Pinpricks are generally a source of irritation. And if you needle someone you are usually exasperating him to breaking point. But back in the fourth millennium before the birth of Christ — at least that's the period quoted by legend — someone discovered a way of treating human ills by sticking needles into their flesh at certain very specific points.

The legend ascribes the discovery to the Chinese Emperor Fu Si, a man

of extensive learning in a number of sciences. It was all an accident.

Once, they say, a certain peasant whose name has been lost to history was cured of agonising headaches in miraculous fashion. Working in the fields one day he inadvertently struck himself on the knee with his mattock. His blinding headache disappeared in a flash. After that the local inhabitants made a practice of hitting themselves on the leg with

a sharp stone whenever they had a headache.

The Emperor Fu Si heard about it; he discovered that a jab with a stone needle was less painful and, what was the main thing, more effective than a blow with a great bunk of rock. It was later found that the same procedure helped with other ailments, too.

Archaeologists have in fact found stone and bone awls on many occa-

sions, and as they relate to the Late Stone Age and Early Bronze Age they could, in the view of the experts, quite well have been instruments used in this form of medical treatment, which is now dignified with the name of acupuncture (*acus* is Latin for needle).

The first written records of the use of acupuncture date back to the 6th century B.C. — again in the East, in China. In the West the re-

cords begin considerably later, in the 17th century A.D., in France, when the method was already widely practised in Oriental medicine. But there was no substantial interest in acupuncture in the West until the 19th century, and then it was aroused primarily by publications written by French scientists.

In 1816, Louis Berlioz, father of the composer, wrote a book *Notes on Chronic Diseases, Blood-letting and Acupuncture* in which he reported upon the favourable results obtained by acupuncture treatment. The method, which had been looked upon as quackery until then, gradually won increasing numbers of adherents in other countries besides France — in Italy, Britain, Germany and Russia.

A glowing testimonial was written in 1828 by Pyotr Charukovsky in the *Military Medical Magazine*. Many travellers had testified to its efficacy when used by the Chinese and Japanese for colic, rheumatism and many other illnesses, he said, especially when these were accompanied by severe pain.

In 1945 the International Acupuncture Association was set up, with Roger de la Fuye as President, who claimed that there were now about one million practitioners of acupuncture throughout the world. Ten thousand of these were practising in Europe and America — hundreds of times more than a quarter of a century ago, so acupuncture seems to be conquering the world with remarkable rapidity.

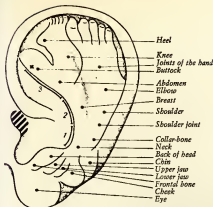
Why has this apparently quack method become so popular? Perhaps someone has devised a scientific explanation for it?

Ivan Pavlov, the eminent Russian physiologist and winner of a 1904 Nobel Prize — he is the man who discovered conditioned reflexes — wrote: "Why and how do compresses, mustard plasters, cupping, and so on help? Has physiology any satisfactory answer to this question? Here, obviously, is a vast gap in modern physiology."

One could make approximately the same comment about the present state of acupuncture. There is tremendous experience of its use by the trial and error method, without any theoretical backing. Experimentation is the basis of the carefully worked out instructions for the practical application of the method. It is one of those cases, by no means uncommon in medicine, where practice gets ahead of theory.

Acupuncture practitioners today know where to put the needles in to obtain a particular effect, although they do not know why it works in general or why the choice of a particular set of sites will produce a particular result. They blindly follow an atlas compiled in the Middle Ages.

Way back in 1027 Chang Wei-i, a Chinese doctor, modelled two human figures in bronze and made little holes in them at the points where the needles had to be introduced. He located these holes according to some semi-mystical doctrine about



Projection of man's body on the external ear

the 12 vital vessels of the body, which were supposed to link the body's outer covering with the internal organs. The holes were placed along these lines.

Somewhat later, in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, another doctor, Hu Teh-ping, added two more "vital vessels", bringing the total number of holes to 693. Their placing has become firmly established. About 100 of the holes are considered to be fundamental, while the others are auxiliaries.

Attempts have, of course, been made to investigate these acupuncture

points with the aid of modern techniques. When a few years ago a Korean doctor, Kim Bon Khan, published the results of a microscopic examination, he claimed to have found subcutaneous formations corresponding to invisible lines and points, which in his view made up a fourth system — the first three being the nervous, the circulatory and the lymphatic systems. It was this fourth system, he considered, that transmitted the excitation caused by the needle to the internal organs.

A Soviet practitioner, Georgi No-

vinsky, also discovered that the tissue at the acupuncture points differed substantially from the surrounding tissue. But the idea that there is a fourth system, a network linking these points, has not been confirmed.

But if there is in fact no system linking these points with the internal organs, how is the effect of the needle passed on? Most Soviet acupuncturists believe that this is done in the usual manner by the nervous system. The excitation of the needle is perceived by the nerve endings in the skin, the blood vessels, the muscles and the sinews, and transmitted as if by telegraph wires to the brain and thence, in the form of operational signals, to the organ concerned.

But that is only a vague general notion. Why are some holes for some disorders while a different set is used for others? What is the delicate mechanism of each effect? What, in principle, is the difference in the action of acupuncture and that of, say cauterising, massage, mustard plasters or electrical treatment? These and other questions still await an answer.

Naturally enough, the absence of a theoretical basis for acupuncture impedes its development, but it by no means indicates that the method is nothing but quackery, unworthy of serious attention by the medical men. What makes the method so attractive to some doctors?

The most outstanding results with the use of the method have so far been achieved in Eastern countries. But European doctors have also de-

monstrated its efficacy. A great deal has been published on the subject in many countries, including several monographs in the USSR (one of them written by the author of this article).

It must be admitted, however, that the material published by western practitioners more often than not describes individual cases. Only very rarely is there any statistical analysis of its effectiveness. Soviet scientists have been trying to fill in the gap.

I have obtained information about the use of acupuncture from 50 medical institutions in about 40 Soviet cities.

Altogether the information covered 10,721 patients, quite enough for serious study and analysis. A total of 33 per cent were completely restored to health, 37 per cent experienced a marked improvement in their condition, and 19 per cent some improvement. In 11 per cent of the cases there were no favourable results. The figures speak for themselves — acupuncture deserves a place in the arsenal of modern medicine.

Our clinic at the Gorky Medical Institute has treated about 700 cases (in two thirds of these the results were clearly favourable, one fifth found some improvement and only one seventh derived no benefit). We gave patients relief from a great variety of disorders — cardio-vascular, gastro-enteric, pulmonary, skin and many other types. Acupuncture is beneficial, too, in diseases of the nervous system, insomnia and stress-

merging, which do not always lend themselves to treatment by the usual methods.

To facilitate the practical application of acupuncture, Soviet experts recently produced a corrected atlas of points, with concrete recommendations on the points to be used for

particular disorders. Soviet scientists have also designed an apparatus to help find these points, and research is in progress into the physiological mechanism of acupuncture.

Once we have divined the secret of this ancient folk remedy, we shall be able to make it more effective.



Electronics Marks the Spot

by Serafim Drabkins

condensed from "Znaniye-Sila"

Soviet scientists have now invented an electronic device to detect the points on the bodies of human beings and animals used in the age-old medical practice of acupuncture.

It is called a "Tobiscope" (from the Russian abbreviation T.O.B.I. meaning "revealing points of biological information") and it was demonstrated at EXPO-67 in Montreal.

The tobiscope is a nickel-plated, pencil-like instrument about as long as an average-sized human hand. Its built-in lamp flashes each time it reaches an acupuncture point while it is being passed over the skin.

There are nearly 700 points close to the body's surface which are not detectable by touch, sight or even the microscope.

Although the charts or dummies of the human body used by acupuncture practitioners represent many centuries of experience by thousands of doctors, there is always the possibility that by mistake a blood vessel or nerve tissue might be damaged. This has often discouraged even skilled doctors, for the practitioner has to rely on the sensations of the patient in whose flesh he is inserting needles — they go in at an angle and to a depth of four or five inches.

The tobiscope is foolproof: its light signal precisely indicates the acupuncture point and can check on the accuracy of standard acupuncture topography.

The new device was designed by Dr. Mikhail Geikin in collaboration with Vladislav Mikhalevsky, an electronics expert. Dr. Geikin has said that the tobiscope's accuracy is not surprising because the acupuncture points have a higher conductivity of electricity than other points in their immediate vicinity. The tobiscope, he says, has high sensitivity and readily registers acupuncture points through the thick hair of dogs and cows and other animals, so this should benefit veterinary practice.

Asked if the instrument could help explain the nature of these mysterious points, the inventors said that most specialists believed them to be special subcutaneous formations connected with nerve ends and which could, therefore, extend the action of the needle insertion to nearby tissues and even the rest of the organism.

They admitted that doubts had been raised by the device detecting similar points in plants, which have no nervous systems. New riddles new light would no doubt be shed on this problem.

The use of the tobiscope is not expected to be confined to acupuncture. In recent years there has been much talk about the possibility of diagnosing diseases by hidden points on the skin of the ear. These points are quite distinct from all others in that they can never be detected in healthy people, but when a man is sick his ear is found to have points giving information about the condition of his organs.

Early ear diagnosis charts were drawn by the French doctor, Nogier, in 1956, but only the tobiscope has been of use in specifying them. Now

about 50 ear points of all kinds have been studied, designating different organs.

Doctors who are convinced of the value of ear diagnosis assume that the appearance of such a point is a danger signal about a particular organ. If this is so the new device has inestimable value.

France and Italy were the first countries to buy the Soviet licence for the Geikin-Mikhalevsky tobiscope, which is manufactured by the all-Union association, Soyuzmed-tekhnika, and is available for export.

Paradise Restored

from the magazine "Ogonyok"

Palaces, temples and mansions stood in their splendour, nearly 2,500 years ago, on the vast elevation north of Samarkand. Here was Afrasiab, the capital of Sogdiana, so beautiful that historians compared it with Paradise.

The city survived until the hordes of Genghis Khan fell upon it, and only ash and ruin were left for the sands of time to bury. The cruel conqueror, it seemed, had succeeded in obliterating the city and its memory, the superb creations of its craftsmen and builders. But a legend lived on about the magnificent works of the ancient architects and town-builders, the mighty King Afrasiab, who laid the corner-stone of his residence on the spot in ancient times.

In 1965 Uzbek archaeologists excavating the ancient city of Afrasiab unearthed some wonderful 13-century old murals, with colours still

bright and fresh.

In July, 1966, the Government of the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic declared Afrasiab a state archaeological reservation. An archaeological department was set up at the Uzbek Institute of History and Archaeology in Samarkand, where an Architecture and Building Institute, with 500 students taking various courses, including one in restoration techniques, has been opened too.

Extensive work is being carried on in Samarkand to restore the memorials of an ancient civilization. Restorers have straightened out the minaret of Ulugbek's madrasah, part of the fabulously beautiful Registan. Ulugbek, a descendant of Tamerlane, was an astronomer and mathematician, who built a marvellous observatory. Work has started to conserve Bibi-Khanyim Mosque and other buildings.

Konchalovsky — Lyric Painter of Happiness



Happiness, you might say, dogged the footsteps of the Russian lyric painter Pyotr Konchalovsky throughout his long life (1876—1956).

He had a happy childhood and a happy youth. Born near Kharkov, today one of the largest Soviet cities, 465 miles south of Moscow, he was the fifth child in his gifted, close-knit family, all of whom — father, mother, brother and sisters — were remarkably artistic. Konchalovsky senior was devoted to classical literature and music, and imparted his

tastes to his younger son from early boyhood.

After the family moved to Moscow in the late eighties, the young Petya had the benefit of association with leading artists of Russia. Frequent visitors to the Konchalovsky home were Ilya Repin, Vassili Surikov, Isaak Levitan, Valentin Serov, Konstantin Korovin, Leonid Pasternak and Mikhail Vrubel¹). Surikov, Serov and Korovin recognised the teenager's gift and praised his early efforts at painting. Surikov, for instance, said Pyotr's blazing colours were "like a real Spaniard's". The

¹ *"Self Portrait in Yellow", painted when Konchalovsky was 67.*

¹) For details about Serov, Repin and Levitan see Sputnik No. 2, 1968, No 1, 1969 and No 5, 1969.



"Lilac and Stretcher." 1953. The most famous of the painter's still-lives.

youth's talent was indisputable, and his father did not stand in the way of his artistic ambitions.

Happiness also went with Konchalovsky to Paris, where he studied at the Julien Academy under Jean-Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He visited the Louvre and the exhibitions of the Impressionists, in particular Van Gogh and Cezanne.

Konchalovsky had a happy family

life, too. In 1902 he married Surikova's eldest daughter Olga. The famous Russian painter had developed her inclination towards art by sharing his ideas with her and showing to her exclusively his unfinished canvases, and she was an excellent wife for an artist. Konchalovsky's married life was warmed by love and unreservedly devoted to his children and painting.



"Spring, Three Clouds." Konchalovsky never tired of painting nature.

Konchalovsky was happy, too, in the friendships he made. Cheerful, frank and extremely companionable, he liked his fellow human beings and made great numbers of friends. Among the closest were fellow artists Ilya Mashkov and Aristarch Lentulov, and also musicians, actors, art directors, writers, and farmers who lived near him not far from Moscow.

Konchalovsky was happy as a

painter. From the time of his early exhibitions, recognition, success and even fame came to him.

He had many exhibitions in Russia, where he was looked upon as "French" and a "Cezannist", and in France where he was termed a "Slav" in his painting. His one-man exhibitions in the mid-twenties in Moscow and Paris earned him a reputation as a classic.



"Portrait of the Pianist Alfred Cortot."
1936.

Excellent health, a boundless love of nature, an intense interest in life, a keen eye, a fine sense of colour (rare even among great artists) and perfect techniques which help to explain the durability of his work made Konchalovsky one of the most viable and prolific of Soviet painters.

For almost 60 years he kept on painting, producing picture after

picture, but he never overextended himself, never succumbed to morbidity or obsession. His great fertility sprang from an immense urge to put into colour the entire wealth of the world around him. He knew the throes of creation, but never stopped working, which he always did with ease.

A happy fate helped the artist's inborn optimism to renew itself



"Window of a Poet." 1935.

constantly. Characteristically, he almost never concerned himself with anything that contained even an element of drama — his was the world of the lyric, not the epic.

Like the rational Cezanne, the emotional Konchalovsky tried to model in paint, to produce not a flat surface but to recreate texture and essence, as if using his eyes not only to see, but to feel. In his pictures

the main thing is not the subject chosen. What is far more important is the feeling of joy and buoyancy conveyed in them. As his contemporaries in France observed 40 years ago, his feeling for the beauty of life brought Konchalovsky's paintings closer than those of any other twentieth-century painter to the harmonious art of the ancient Greeks.

This explains why the painter

abandoned the ideas of Van Gogh, the idol of his youth. In maturer years, his exemplars were Alexander Ivanov¹⁾ and Titian.

Konchalovsky tried his hand at all genres, and left a wealth of excellent portraits and landscapes, as well as having revived still life on the lines of Snyder and Chardin. But his most outstanding contribution to painting was his bold and unconstrained blending of genres — still life and portrait ("Portrait of the Writer Alexei Tolstoy"), still life and landscape ("Meat, Fowl and Brussels Sprouts against a Window" and his many "Lilacs"), landscape and portrait ("Portrait of the Composer Sergei Prokofiev"), portrait and narrative painting ("Portrait of Stage Director Vsevolod Meyerhold"), still life and narrative painting ("Apple Trees and Watch Dog").

Like all masters, he violated the canons of a genre in the same instant that he was most strict in their observance. What makes his still lifes so superb is, for instance, their implied presence of a person, and

¹⁾ An article about Ivanov appeared in Sputnik in June 1968.

the fact that they are so filled with life. The term "still life", in fact, cannot be applied to his roses and peonies, to his famous lilacs and his pig Raoul and to his fox lying killed on the snow.

Toward himself Konchalovsky was an extremely hard taskmaster. In 1906, with the approval of his wife, he destroyed his large canvas "Tea Drinking in the Arbour", which everybody liked, and which was as good as any Russian painting of the time. He destroyed many pictures in this way.

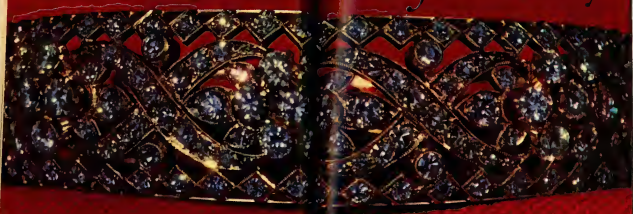
* * *

Confined to his studio in the last few months of his life, Konchalovsky still took youthful delight in observing his orchard, and the grass and patches of sunlight through the large open windows, and he kept on painting what he saw — sunlit trees, currants straight from the bushes, still wet with rain or dew. Although seriously ill, he remained faithful to his brush, which, as before, went on composing his lifelong hymn to life and nature, to all that the artist loved, in all of which he never ceased to discover beauty.



"Portrait of Stage Director Vsevolod Meyerhold."

Jewellery

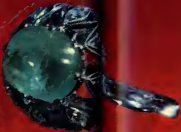


Startling new information, exclusive to SPUTNIK, has revealed that it was not the apple itself that tempted Eve, but the diamonds Satan offered her as an inducement to take a bite. And to this day there is no woman on earth who can gaze dispassionately upon diamonds and precious metals, just as there is no man who does not freeze inwardly when his beloved wife comes to a halt before the jeweller's window. He knows that it

won't be long before he hears a beloved voice saying: "Darling, buy me THAT." And what's THAT? Well — it might be anything, from a string of artificial pearls to the bauble shown here: a bracelet made in Baku. In white gold, it contains 159 diamonds. The price, by the way, is 4,519 roubles (the easiest way to get an idea what that means is to take one rouble as being roughly equivalent to one US dollar).



If you can convince your wife that the price of that bracelet is a bit steep for you, perhaps she'll take this hedgehog, in filigree silver. He's a modest 8 roubles. This type of filigree is one of the most typical in Russia and dates back to about the thirteenth century. The rings on the right also have traditional features. Emeralds were the favourites of all the precious stones



as far as the old Russian craftsmen were concerned, and they are favourites today, too. The emeralds in these rings are in settings of white gold with small diamonds. The stones themselves, in traditional style, are rounded, not faceted.



It is not difficult to discern the Eastern origins of this pendant. In the Soviet Union Oriental styles come from the jewellers of Tbilisi (Georgia), Baku (Azerbaijan) and Yerevan (Armenia). This unique pendant is from Baku and is of white gold with 57 diamonds. Its price — 6,759 roubles.



Enamelled ware is typical of Northern Russia. Wonderful enamel decorated silver ware has been made over the centuries in the north of the European part of Russia, and the craft is being continued today. This fine modern example is from Leningrad.



Visitors to the last Jewellery Exhibition in Moscow consider this coffee set to be one of the finest works ever to have been made by Leningrad craftsmen (these exhibitions are held annually for representatives of jewellery shops all over the country). Made of silver gilt and decorated with enamel, the set has a striking combination of rounded and angular lines.

It is being ordered by jewellery shops all over the Soviet Union — and despite the comparatively high price, is not gathering dust on the shelves after delivery.



Ten paintings from the Russian Museum, home of Russian paintings in Leningrad, are featured in a set of five-format postage stamps issued at the end of 1985. The reproductions by Giverny Kovtsov and Alexander Puzosinsky have been printed on a glass matbed on glazed paper. Hollow perforations 12 V₁ or 12 V₂; 15. Catalogue 3744-3753.

A one-kopeck stamp depicts "The Hunters" by Abram Verestov (1786-1827), father of Russian genre painting.

On the two-kopeck stamp a great painting by Russian classical artist Karl Bryullov (1799-1852), "The Last Day of Pompeii", is reproduced.

Victor Vasnetsov's painting, "Knight of the Sorcerer's" is reproduced on a three-kopeck stamp. Vasnetsov (1848-1926) drew his inspiration from Russian epics and songs.

"Taking the Snow Fortress", on a four-kopeck stamp, celebrates the climax of a gay folk festival. Vasily Surikov (1891-1948), the artist, was one of the leading masters in Russian painting.

Isaac Levitan (1861-1900) was an outstanding master of Russian landscape painting and one of his last works, "The Lake" appears on a six-kopeck stamp.



THE
RUSSIAN
MUSEUM
SERIES



The original and outstanding painter Kuama Petrov-Vodkin (1882-1952) is represented by 200. Alena.

"Defense of Sevastopol" by Alexander Deineka (b. 1899), painted at the height of World War II, is shown on a 16-kopeck stamp.

Another contemporary Soviet painter is represented on the 20-kopeck denomination, which shows a fragment of a canvas called "Hour. Working study". The artist is Gena Kotzhev.

The first stamp in the series — 20 kopeks — is a reproduction of "Festivities in Gorky Square, July 1929", by the versatile Russian painter, graphic artist and sculptor, Boris Kustodiev (1864-1927).

"The Battle of Kulikovo Field" (1380), between the troops of Moscow's Prince Dmitri Donskoi and the Tatars of the Golden Horde followed a duel in which a Russian monk, Peremov, killed a Tatar knight, Chelubey. Mikhail Ajkev captured this episode in a painting he did in 1945, which is reproduced on a 50-kopeck stamp.

Successors to Nijinsky and Pavlova?

"...almost
perfect
harmony"

from the Soviet press

Galina Ulanova, the chairman, and other members of the examination board will never forget the performance of two young students of the Bolshoi Ballet School in their finals in 1961.

After a few bars of Liszt, a frail dark-eyed girl floated out on to the stage. In her wake, as if trying to hold that melting figure, appeared a charming youth. Incredibly the board members forgot that it was an examination in which they were to assess the techniques of every minute gesture and turn. Like ordinary spectators they watched and then



In the theatre, and perhaps above all in ballet, there are some sacrosanct roles. Having once received a miraculous interpretation at the hands of an outstanding performer they are like unattainable heights for those who come afterwards. One such role was Anna Pavlova's "Dying Swan". It was half a century before another ballerina, M. G. Plisetskaya, could give such an expressive interpretation. And the ballet fans looked on such a level that no one would be able to do justice to the part again. But now Natalia Bessmertnova has succeeded in convincing even the severest critic that perfection is a many-sided thing. Considerable credit for this goes to her partner, Mikhail Lavrovsky, for his brilliant Romeo to her Juliet.

drowned the dancers' final movements in applause.

The two young dancers were Natasha Bessmertnova and Misha Lavrovsky, names well known today among the stars of the Bolshoi Ballet Company.

They are old friends. As children they both attended the ballet circle of the Young Pioneer Club, and together they entered the Bolshoi Theatre School. Misha is the son of the well-known ballet-master, Leonid Lavrovsky and a noted ballerina, Yelena Chikvaizhe. He has been at home in rehearsal halls and dressing



rooms all his life. Natasha comes from a family in which no one has ever had anything to do with ballet or any other art form.

Soon after being admitted to the Bolshoi company Misha was given a leading role in Asafyev's "Flames of Paris". "I shall dance this part as no one has ever done before", he decided and he rehearsed like one possessed, repeating the leaps and pirouettes until he could no longer tell left from right. But before the audience even his most difficult movements appeared effortless. He flew over the stage like a bird. Recognition was immediate and complete.

Natasha took some time to become a star. One of her first parts was the role of one of the *wilis* in "Giselle", in Britain. The English proved to be far-sighted. "...The half dozen outstanding performers included at least one potentially great," wrote one of their ballet critics. "From the corps de ballet she stood out like the moon from the stars. Her name is Natasha Bessmertnova."

When she was offered her first leading part — Giselle — Natasha felt uncertain. In the theatre there was much talk of her liteness, her magnificent leaps and her lyricism, but there was still more about her unconventional arm movements and the lack of strength in her legs.

Opinion was divided after the first night. Some critics found minor technical flaws disconcerting against the background of her natural gifts. Others spoke of the "miracle" performed by that fragile girl. They all agreed, though, that the Russian ballet had given the world yet another star of the first magnitude.

Giselle was the turning point in Bessmertnova's career. She found her identity in the role and gained faith in her own abilities.

The youthful pair recently danced in Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet", staged by Leonid Lavrovsky. It is difficult to say in which scene Bessmertnova was at her most penetrating. But one thing is clear. There has never been such a Juliet since Ulanova at her best, though there is no shadow of imitation in Natasha's performance.

Lavrovsky as Romeo danced with complete self-oblivion.

The performance was an outstanding success. But more than that, it showed that both Bessmertnova and Lavrovsky hold promise of becoming dancers quite unique in the history of ballet, dancers of the caliber of Nijinsky, Pavlova, Ulanova and Plisetskaya.

Commenting on their Romeo and Juliet, one Moscow newspaper said: "Bessmertnova and Lavrovsky exemplify almost perfect harmony."



Monday is a Lucky Day

by Yuri Teflyakov

from the magazine "Yunost" (Youth)

"Wind north-west, hurricane force. Vessel heavily coated with ice. Losing stability. Engines working at capacity. Signalling SOS." (Excerpt from the logbook of the fishing trawler Semipalatinsk, sailing in the Okhotsk Sea, off Kamchatka).

Monday is often called blue, gloomy, dreary.

But this one, particular Monday in February. . .

Just before putting out to sea the captains of the fishing trawlers received a storm warning.

"If you run into trouble make for Russkaya Bay."

But, there it is, in black on white, on the sea-going fishing vessel's licence: No limitations. That means you can sail off to any point on the

oceans of the world. How are you going to get there if you spend your time waiting around for good weather? A storm? So what. After all, the heart of your ship throbs with the power of 300 horses and there are no limitations on your grazing grounds.

To starboard, through rifts in the

fog, the outline of the cold, forbidding cliffs of Cape Krestoviy could be guessed at. The sea, by contrast, seemed warm and secure as a mother's arms.

And suddenly, absolutely suddenly — I remember that perfectly — an icy blast shook the ship, as though the cliffs had let loose with a thousand cannons. The day was snuffed out, the bluffs disappeared and a wave, as though peppered by hail, boiled and swirled and tried to suck our tiny boat into the maelstrom.

"Captain", the navigator yelled, "it's a nor'-wester!"

A nor'-wester! I had heard quite a lot about nor'-westers in this part of the world. I had met widows who had lost their husbands in a winter nor'-wester; I had met young fellows to whom the word "nor'-wester" sounded like a clarion call to battle; their fathers had not returned from the sea. And I, a journalist on my first trip out, had run right into a nor'-wester.

For another hour the ship tried to hold its course. But more and more often, waves slammed us amidships and more and more sluggishly the ship righted itself after every blow.

"Lie into the wind." The captain was in a black leather jacket, on his head a leather cap with ear-flaps. He put his hand on the wheelman's shoulder. "Watch it, Borya. We're 15 degrees out again".

Then he called to a sailor, "Send the Chief up."

The "Chief" arrived, a slender boy, fresh out of training college,

but already "Chief" as all Chief Engineers on ships are called.

"Well, Chief, how are the engines?"

"All right, still breathing."

"Take another look. We're in for a long one."

The wind howled and the sky and the sea merged into one colour — black. The windows of the wheelhouse were coated with a thick layer of ice. The temperature was 20 below. A small embrasure in the sheet of ice was kept open by dint of hammering so we could watch the direction of the waves. Our only chance was to head right into them. Any deviation and the masts, as though drawn by a magnet, leant down toward the water.

The direction-finder probed for the shore. We were right at the cape. For a moment we saw the point on the screen and then it went blank. The apparatus had been gripped by ice and we were blind.

By three o'clock in the afternoon all our antenna had snapped off — weighed down by ice. Vasya, the radio-operator, tied on his glasses with string and went out on deck. He gripped the icy walls like a mountain climber. What could he do in such a hurricane? The wind whipped wires which looked like heavy chains of ice right past his head. Another minute and he would be washed overboard. He was dragged back inside and his soggy clothing pulled off him.

"Sorry Captain, didn't make it. I'll try on the short waves."

"All right. We must get through!"

The captain's black jacket was a chunk of ice. He was pressed against the opening, watching the waves issuing their commands. The vessel was squeezed in an invisible iron grip. Everything creaked and groaned. You felt as though you were spinning and tilting in a rotary and a hundred-pound hammer was methodically pounding you. One thought beat through your mind — when and how would all this end?

When Vasya finally managed to rig up a make-shift antenna, we began to comprehend the full danger that had overtaken the fishing fleet. Vasya intercepted snatches of radio messages and learnt that the *Karvan*, which had sailed an hour before us, had hove to and they were chipping off their coating of ice. One sailor had been lost on the *Barnaul*.

Vasya looked ever gloomier and searched determinedly for voices of the other ships. Suddenly he froze and then started to write frantically. The trawler *Karaga* was communicating with the motorship *Tuloma*.

Karaga: "We are being coated with heavy ice. We need immediate help."

Tuloma: "On the way. Are your engines working? Suggest you try to ram on shore."

Then *Tuloma* to *Petrovskoyevsk*: "Lost contact with *Karaga*."

The captain stared at me. "You know what this means?"

"Yes."

He looked at me searchingly. "Afraid?"

"Bit of bad luck."

"The direction-finder's working

again. We're in the same place, at the cape, only now we're being dragged out to sea. Our only hope is that the engine doesn't give out. We're going to try and crash her."

We were silent. Both of us were far away, far from the raging storm and sea. The captain adjusted his orange life-belt.

"I suppose my boys are also thinking of home now." He made an abrupt movement and shifted his soaking wet cap. He smiled into the smashed mirror and said, "Well, let's go and fight. Perhaps the ones that are waiting for us will see us again."

Gripping the iron rail, I made my way outside. Snow and water knee-deep. Roar of a maniac wind. On the Beaufort scale, a 60 mile per hour wind means a severe storm. Over 80 m.p.h. registers hurricane-force winds. Our ship was being battered by winds of up to 125 miles per hour.

That night everything possible was done for us. Eleven ships changed course and sped to our rescue. Each one of them searched the black ocean for the little chunks of floating ice that were our trawlers.

"All hands on deck!" the captain ordered. "The ice must be chipped off!"

In their orange life-belts, the men tied themselves together in groups of five. The picks twinkled under the searchlights. Then a wave engulfed them and I saw an orange ball skittering down the deck. People disentangled themselves and attacked the ice. In 10 minutes they returned and another group took their place.

The men dropped to the floor and sat without exchanging a word, greedily dragging on cigarettes held in frozen fingers.

So long as we didn't lose our stability.

Not only ice flew overboard — barrels, boxes and bags went too. If the ship was lightened by only one pound, if it listed one inch less, that was a victory.

The de-icing went on for one hour. For two. For three. One man's head was cracked, two had broken arms, the waves battered men against iron. Anyone who was still able to raise a pick and aim a blow at the cursed ice went on deck.

Twice already the ship had keeled so far over that the masts almost touched the water. There was no fear in the eyes of the men around me, only a sadness and a calm acceptance of something final. But how the finality would come, we did not know. We could not believe that any second now the ship would capsizes and that icy, salty water would cascade through the passages and rise knee-deep, chest-deep and finally we would look into each other's eyes for the last time.

Again the ship's masts dipped down toward the ocean waters but again, shuddering, they stretched toward the sky.

At two o'clock in the morning the Chief turned up on the bridge.

"The way the engines are going, we'll last about another 15 minutes. She's at 600 degrees. All we're managing to do is stay in the same spot, we're not making any headway."

"Alyosha, Chief, you'll just have to work something out. Stop the engines and we'll be swamped in minutes."

No sooner did the Chief disappear back into his roaring, steaming hell, than we were again tilted over. The captain, hanging on to an iron bar, shouted to the ship, "Hang on, old lady!"

Andrei spoke about the ship as a person: "One more heel-over like that and it's the end. She's wrong out everything she's got. I know."

Perhaps the *Semipalatinsk* heard, she didn't want to die, either.

"You know what I thought about when the masts hit the water?"

This was addressed to me.

"Should I take off my boots or not? Silly thought, but there you are. You could be a champion swimmer, but in 20 minutes you'd freeze to death in that water anyhow. If anything happens, don't jump overboard. No point . . . Within half an hour I think we'll be swamped."

"Listen Andrei", I say, "perhaps I should write a note, you know, to leave . . ."

"Don't be funny, if we don't survive the ship will go to the bottom."

The captain spat blood. His lips were cracked, his face was frozen. And again the ship keeled over to port.

"How are the boys?" he asked the first mate.

"Five are frozen, they've had it. Two others have broken arms, the rest —"

"Tell the rest to get out on deck and keep on with it. And now we'll

send out an SOS. Perhaps somebody will hear. That's all!"

He smeared the blood over the icy crust of his face and went back to the embrasure.

"*Semipalatinsk* calling! SOS! SOS! *Semipalatinsk* calling! SOS!" the radio operator frantically shouted into the mike while the frozen, played-out crew chipped at the ice and dropped with exhaustion like soldiers in battle.

And suddenly through the roar and whine, through carefree music . . . the Queen of England is having a reception for . . . comes a faint voice: "*Abakur* calling! *Abakur* calling! *Semipalatinsk* come in! Give us your position . . ."

The captain grabs the mike,

"*Semipalatinsk* calling! Our engines will give out any moment, they are being cooled by seawater. Last heel-over was 60 degrees. Cannot de-ice any more. If it comes to that, pick us up out of the water. How far away are you? Over."

More roar, more whine . . . the *Abakur* is silent. But out of the abyss it emerges once more: "*Abakur* calling! Why don't you reply? (Why don't we reply?!) Show all lights. Approximately 15 miles away. Won't be long, hang on!"

* * *

Excerpt from the ship's log:

"February 21, at 7:35 a.m. the tanker *Abakur* came to the rescue."

Monday was obviously our lucky day.

Soviet Union's Oldest City

Archaeologists have discovered a stone with Urartu cuneiform inscriptions on the outskirts of Yerevan, capital of Soviet Armenia. This 2,750-year-old "birth certificate", which confirms that Yerevan is one of the world's oldest cities said: "I,

Argishtni, son of Menua, have erected to honour my greatness this powerful fortress and given it the name of Erebuni. For the glory of the land of Biayna (Urartu) and to terrify my enemies."

Alla Demidova as Elmira, "la grande coquette", in Tartuffe. But every actress dreams of appearing in a grand tragedy. Alla is no exception. She wants to play Lady Macbeth.



A Fascinating Star

by Andrei Zorki

from the magazine "Sovietsky Ekran"
(Soviet Screen)

The unexpected discovery of a major new film talent is always a thrill. I first saw Alla Demidova in "Daytime Stars" and immediately felt that here was an actress on a par with Innokenti Smoktunovsky, the actor who won world-wide acclaim for his screen interpretation of the title role in "Hamlet".

She had Smoktunovsky's indifference to gloss, to empty, external theatrics. She had the same understanding of the value and significance of naturalness, with a touch of something angular, non-professional in her movements. The quality of her acting was similar — it came not from the mind alone but from the mind and the heart. She gave an impression of diffidence, reserve, but a reserve that arose from a profound feeling of oneness with mankind. A subtle uncertainty

The actress's ambition to appear as Lady Macbeth looks a little more likely when you see her at home wearing this rather severe dress with a hint of bygone centuries about it.



marked her performance, a quality which every good actor brings into play in order not to feel as relaxed before the cameras as he does in his own home. There was nothing of the ingénue about Alla Demidova. She was a mature, thoughtful actress, which is not surprising when one knows that she is an experienced stage actress at the Taganka Theatre.

Alla does not look like the conventional idea of a movie star. She is not pretty but she has an interesting, intelligent face with a trace of melancholy in her expression. However, she *was* the film star of the year. Following "Daytime Stars" she made another five films that were released the same year, including "The Sixth of July" and "The Degree of Risk". Another two films, "Tchaikovsky" and "The Living Corpse" are soon to be released. In spite of this heavy schedule, she continues with her stage work at the Taganka.

Her popular success was marked by the issue of one of those picture postcards that adolescents are so fond of collecting. The colours are bright and Alla is photographed complete with modish hairdo and crimson mouth.

I was able to interview her one frosty Sunday evening when she had no theatre performances and was free of the grinding cameras. She sat before me in a dark suit and a white lace, highnecked blouse. Her hair was short and simple and she looked infinitely more attractive in the flesh than on the garish postcard on my desk.

But Lady Macbeth, it seems, isn't enough for her. She's hoping to play Hamlet, too. At least she looks the part, even in costume at the Taganka Theatre, of whose company she is a member.



It's not often the actress manages to get away from acting for a bit. When she does, she enjoys looking at paintings by her favourite artists.



"Are you pleased with every film role you have played?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you ever refuse parts?"

"Minor roles can also be important. It's all part of the acting profession."

"Any danger of being type-cast?"

"Well, the role of Spiridonova, a leader of the Socialist Revolutionary Party in 'The Sixth of July' and that of the commissar in 'Two Servicemen', for instance, are poles apart on the surface, yet they have one emotional element in common — intolerance bordering on fanaticism. On the other hand, the title role in 'The Stewardess', based on a story by Yuri Nagibin, was quite different. She is a somewhat weak, feminine, good-natured character. Then on the stage I have been appearing as Elmira in 'Tartuffe', a type that has been called 'la grande coquette'. As you see, a fair variety."

"What did you find most difficult in the role of Spiridonova?"

"It was not easy to plumb her character and spiritual qualities. The scenario casts her as a political figure rather than a woman. I wanted to feel the human being in her."

"What about the social and political content of the role? That seems to me to be the most complex aspect."

"That I found easier. My training helped. I am a Moscow University graduate in economics and even conducted a political economy seminar at the university."

"That's an unusual twist in the biography of a film star. Does your

economics education give you added confidence on the set?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I am always obsessed by agonizing fears. I envy sparkling talents. Or rather, all talents."

"Was 'Daytime Stars' your first film?"

"No. I first appeared in 'What is the Theory of Relativity?' I played a physicist who explained the theory to her fellow-passengers on a train. Frankly, I did it without understanding much of what I was saying but fortunately that did not spoil the film. I thought it was interesting. Then I was tried out for 'Hamlet'..."

"Under Kozintsev?"

"That's right. At one time I rehearsed for the title role — Nikolai Ochlopkov even considered inviting me to play Hamlet in his production of the play... As it turned out, Lenfilm Studios invited me to do a screen test for Ophelia. Then I got the part in Igor Talankin's 'Daytime Stars'."

"Now you have returned to Talankin in 'Tchaikovsky'. Do you prefer working with different directors or with a particular one?"

"With one or two."

"Who are your favourite directors?"

"Igor Talankin and Ilya Averbakh. I did 'The Degree of Risk' under Averbakh and can say without hesitation that he is 'my director'."

"What do you mean by 'my director'?"

"A director to whom I don't have to explain what I want to do."

"How would you define the con-

temporary style of acting? What is its most important element?"

"As I see it, the main content is the social attitude, the social conscience of an actor. By now all the external aspects and all the acting techniques have been mastered. The most important thing today is selectivity and intelligence. Only then can the actor be original in his creation."

"What is your dream as an actress?"

"I want to play the role of a woman assailed by problems. Lady Macbeth for instance."

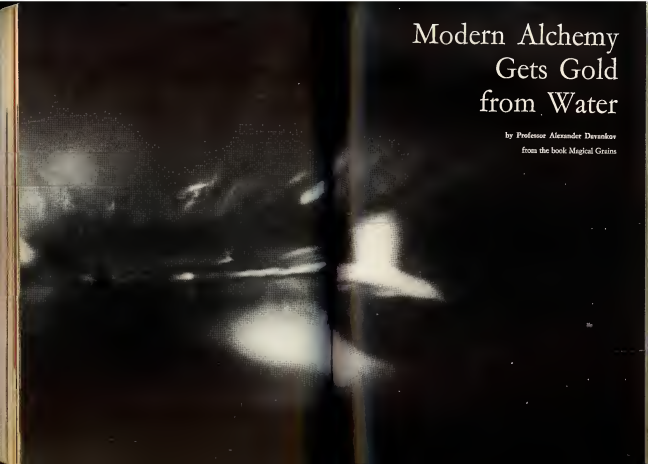
"Alla, what if I write about it? Some film director might read the story and exclaim: 'Demidova as Lady Macbeth! That's an idea!'"

"By all means. I'm only afraid his reaction will be: 'But no one in the Soviet Union has ever filmed 'Macbeth!'"

When Alla had gone I was left with only my postcard and the memory of a fascinating woman.

Alla Demidova as Spiridonova, a leader of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party in the film "The Sixth of July".





Modern Alchemy Gets Gold from Water

by Professor Alexander Devankov
from the book *Magical Grains*

Every cubic yard of sea water contains six-millionths of a gramme of gold. The water in all the seas and oceans could yield more than four pounds of gold per head of our planet's population. The problem is to find a profitable method of extraction.

There may be salts of all metals, including such precious and rare ones as gold, silver, platinum, uranium, titanium and germanium, dissolved in sea water. The only metals industry obtains from the sea are magnesium, used in aircraft construction, and potassium, a fertilizer ingredient. The sea also yields large quantities of bromine and iodine, and man has learned to extract them. But what about the trace elements?

About 50 years ago man tried to obtain them by filtering sea water through charcoal and coke. Gold was extracted this way but in such small quantities that profitable operations were never developed.

Fresh prospects have been opened for the "miners" of sea gold by specially prepared resins which are capable of exchanging their ions for the ions of the substance which is to be extracted from a solution. The early application that was given to these resins—extensive but none too effective—was desalting artesian wells and sewage water.

At the Moscow Mendeleev Chemical-Technological College we made the first attempt to use ion-exchange resins for extraction of precious metals from weak solutions. We

used mobile-ion resins capable of exchanging their ions rapidly and completely for those of the gold in the water.

We prepared the resin H-O, from our own formula—it is selective, and extracts nothing but gold. We have several similar formulas, each possessing its own advantages. Our most recent method, extremely effective, concentrates on the ion-exchangers as much gold and silver as would have seemed fantastic a few years ago. We have managed to concentrate on two pounds of such resin about four pounds of gold or six pounds of silver.

We tested our first "resin-sieve" at sea 10 years ago. From aboard the S/S *Vityaz* in the Pacific, Sergei Dembovsky of the USSR Academy of Sciences Oceanology Institute extracted from the ocean water several milligrammes of gold with the help of that "sieve".

Of course, that was not even enough to make a wedding ring. However, the method is promising—the cost of extraction on an industrial scale would amount to roughly the current government price for gold.

After all, mining gold on land is

not so simple, either. In hardrock mining operations the ore has to be taken from the mine, crushed to fine powder and subjected to expensive and involved processing. Sometimes one ton of ore contains only 5-10 grammes of gold. But water, even though a ton of it contains a much smaller amount of gold, is far easier to handle.

The ion-exchange resin can be used many times, once it is washed with a diluted acid solution. What the acid has washed out becomes pure metal at the next stage of processing. But the last resin we produced can do without that sequence of operations. The gold ions it absorbs are precipitated as metal as soon as the resin is acted upon by reducing agents. The metal becomes lodged in the pores of the resin, which has the property of absorbing from the solution fresh lots of ions of that precious metal until finally the piece of resin is solid gold or silver. At sea, this ion exchanger is easier to work with than the rest of our resins. But in principle the use of the Mendeleev College ion-exchange "resin sieves" is not confined to sea water.

Once I received a note from a Soviet expert who has worked half his lifetime in goldfields. He suggested extracting gold from rivers, where running waters frequently

carry gold dust downstream. The Soviet Union has such rivers in the Urals, the Pamirs and Siberia, and their gold content is hundreds of times as high as it is in the sea. Our resins, I am sure, might be used to advantage in extracting the gold dust.

Gold frequently gets lost, being dumped in vast quantities with industrial waste. We have found effective techniques for extracting metals from industrial effluent—also with the help of the H-O type ion exchangers. The Moscow Jewellery Factory is just one of many Soviet plants which use machinery to remove gold and platinum from industrial waste. Such machinery is also in service at the Moscow Mint.

With the aid of the ion-exchange resins it is possible even to change the methods of obtaining precious metals and rare elements from rocks, from the usual placers and veins. If the rock is crushed into small fragments and the precious metal embedded in it is dissolved, the ion exchangers can extract it from the solution.

Hydrometallurgy is putting ion exchangers to an increasing number of uses. Grains of these magical resins are already providing additional resources of chromium, molybdenum, vanadium, tungsten, tin, antimony, nickel and cobalt.



How Russian Football Was Born

by Yuri Koshak

from the magazine
Fizkultura i Sport

In the limited sports life of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) at the end of the last century, the bicycle reigned supreme. The velodromes were located on Kamenny Island, and the races held on a wooden or dirt track.

Track and field athletes fixed up sports grounds near the River Kręstovka and gave themselves the title "St. Petersburg Amateur Sports Club". About 30 or 40 members

competed in racing, jumping, field events, shooting and tennis in the summer months.

The serene life of the club was disturbed in 1897 by a newcomer — a football enthusiast named Georgi Dupperon. He started nagging club members to organise a football team.

With the first bounce of the ball on the field many of the members abandoned athletics and tennis.

However, the whole project nearly



folded up when it came to allocating positions. Dupperon, who simply overwhelmed everyone with his football lore, was unanimously elected captain, and then he picked the goalkeeper, the backs, halfbacks and forwards. Such terminology, of course, meant little to the embryo players, and when the captain pointed out to them their positions in the field, he faced a near-rebellion.

"How come? You said that football was a game of kicking the ball into the goal!"

Captain Dupperon, who had assigned himself the key position of centre forward, told the grouchers:

"So you want to score goals, eh? All right. Let's have a little tryout: whoever can score a goal in play will be put in the forward line."

The tyros took the bait, hook, line and sinker. Not knowing how to kick the ball properly, all their shots were ineffectual. So the backs and halfbacks had to be content with their designated positions.

The 1897 season was devoted entirely to training, but the following year they were challenged by another novice team, the St. Petersburg Sportsmen's Club, based in Tavrichesky Gardens. The historic game was played on September 13, 1898, under official rules, and the Amateur Sports Club won 4 : 3. From that day on, records were kept of all games played and goals scored in Russian football.

The first game produced foreseeable results. Homegrown football

clubs began springing up everywhere. For two years the players had to be content with the odd friendly match on the sports field at Tavrichesky Gardens, or the grounds of the Cadet Corps. Then they started thinking about a tournament.

1906 — A Local Victory over the British

In the St. Petersburg Football Tournament in 1901 there were three clubs taking part: Nevka, Nevskiy and Victoria. It is noteworthy that the first team was made up of Scotsmen and the second of Englishmen, while the third was an Anglo-German affair. All the players were foreigners working in Russia. The Scottish team won.

The Russian teams apparently did not work up enough courage to enter the tournament and limited their participation to the role of spectators. But in the city's second tournament, in 1902, the Russian clubs decided to take a chance. Drawn against the Scotsmen, they lost 2 : 1.

The British had excellent pitches, and from time to time they reinforced their teams with new employees arriving from Britain. There was a definite exclusiveness among the foreign clubs, of which the English Nevskiy was one of the strongest. An exception was made for two outstanding Russians — the Yevangulov brothers — who played for Nevskiy. They were magnificent forwards in a class by themselves.

While their opponents discussed their plan of attack during the interval at each match, the Nevskiy players calmly consumed tea and pastries, filing out onto the field again supremely confident of their superiority.

And then one day the Yevangulov brothers left the Nevskiy team and went over to the Sport Club, as the Amateur Sports Club began to be called.

Sport launched an all-out offensive. They clashed with Nevskiy on the home ground of the British. The stands were filled with cheering Britons, who rooted for their compatriots by rapping their canes on the stands.

It was of little help. Sport got three balls into the net, and the British only two.

1910 — First International Victory

"What do we do now?" asked the excited chief cashier bursting into the office of the promoter. "We're sold out!"

An international football match between the All-Stars of Czechia and St. Petersburg was due to begin in a few minutes.

"They're threatening to crash the gates!" cried the flustered ticket agent.

The promoter of the match could hardly believe his ears. It had never happened before.

Outside, a frenzied crowd of football fans was creating a terrific commotion. Some enthusiasts were climbing trees to try and view the game from outside the grounds. Others were besieging the gates.

The ticket crisis occurred because so far the St. Petersburgers had seen only their "own" foreigners in action. The Czechs were the first "outsiders" to play in Russia, and they were considered to be one of the best football clubs in Europe. The Czech captain, Vesely, had 300 international to his credit, while for the Russian players this was their debut.

For this first international game in 1910 the heads of the St. Petersburg Football League, either from inexperience or simply in panic, fielded the All-Stars from St. Petersburg's Group "B". The Czechs flattered them, winning by a score of 15 : 0.

In spite of this fiasco, the stands were again packed for the second game against the Czechs (this time with a better Russian side). The Russians scored first. Lacking confidence in their team, the fans did not respond to this goal and remained silent. The visitors, as if to stress that the first goal was a fluke, came back with three goals in succession before the end of the first half.

The second half had barely begun when the Russians whipped in two lightning goals to even the score. The fans woke up and gave their lads a standing ovation. The Czechs came back to score a fourth goal.

But the Russian levelled up once again, and then went on to score the fifth and winning goal. The crowd went wild.

1912 — Olympic Debut

Dupperon, who continued to play a big role in promoting Russian football, was carrying on an increasingly brisk correspondence with FIFA concerning Russia's participation in the 1912 Olympics.

There was heated discussion among the fans: who should be picked for the national side, St. Petersburg or Moscow players? It was finally decided to send a joint team to Stockholm — with St. Petersburg providing one more player than Moscow. Weighing the chances of the team in Olympic competition, Dupperon said: "The team has been well trained and if it loses . . . it can lose with honour." And that is exactly what happened.

The outstanding forward was Vassili Butusov, the eldest of a famous footballing family (there were six sons and they all went in for football). Vassili was noted for his amazing energy, and he was quite a phenomenon for his time because of his rare ability to head the ball. Vassili was especially dangerous when the ball was in the air near the opponent's goal, and he headed a goal in the Olympic match against the Finnish team. But the Finns came back with two goals and emerged the victors.

1912 — National Tournament?

The first championship of the country took place soon after the Olympic Games, in the same year—1912. Russian football was still dominated by the St. Petersburgers, but the Muscovites were feeding their oats. Before the inter-city match the press reported: "The Muscovites are going to the game today to bury their pride or to walk away with heads held high in the consciousness that they are citizens of the city which holds the Russian championship."

The first match, which like the replay, took place in Moscow, was a tense affair and when the final whistle blew the score was 2 : 2.

The second match revealed the superiority of the St. Petersburgers: they won 4 : 1 and the Muscovites buried their pride.

In 1913 they again made a bid for the title but suffered a 3 : 0 defeat at the hands of the champions. The invincible St. Petersburgers were jubilant until someone reminded them that they could be considered, at best, only the champions of the North. In order to become national champions they had to beat the best team in the South — Odessa.

1913 — Country Without a Champion

The Black Sea welcomed the visitors with torrid heat and a gate of

2,000 — a local record — at the ground of the British Club in Odessa.

The St. Petersburg players trotted out onto the field in their crimson jerseys. As the referee was about to blow his whistle someone pushed through the crowd shouting:

"Just a minute!"

Out came a lad carefully carrying a glass of vodka. It was for the captain of the Odessa team, who downed the contents at a gulp, slapped his knee and said: "Now we can start!"

The southerners made the haughty champions sweat from the very beginning. During a pile-up round the goal mouth the Odessa team opened the scoring, and it was not until just before halftime that the visitors managed to bang in the equalizer.

The stands awaited the second half with impatience and some apprehension — surely the northerners could play a better game than that!

The whistle blew and the crowd could scarcely believe its eyes — a second goal was scored against St. Petersburg! The football lords were being beaten! Then came a third and a fourth goal for Odessa. The boastful St. Petersburgers barely managed to score once more before the final whistle, and suffered a humiliating 4 : 2 defeat. The fans poured onto the field, hoisted their local idol, forward Bogomsky, onto their shoulders and carried him triumphantly through the streets of their city, cheering and dancing all the way.

That evening there was a gala banquet for the visitors and the hospitable hosts began telling the northerners about local places of interest.

But the St. Petersburgers were interested in other matters.

"What a remarkable centre forward you have!"

"The man who scored two goals against you? That's Jacobs, an Englishman. His whole family plays football."

"Well, that's interesting!" said the guests, nodding to each other in understanding.

"And what about that outside who scored?"

"That's another Englishman." The hosts spilled out their secrets.

"Wonderful players!"

"Yes, they're all from the British Club."

"Now, what do you say about coming to us for a return match?"

The following day an official protest was filed with the All-Russia Football League. The football circles of St. Petersburg reported indignantly about the impermissible number of foreigners in the Odessa team, and demanded stern penalties for the offending club. The League upheld the protest.

And that is how Russia turned out to be without a football champion that season. A year later, in a return match, the St. Petersburgers wiped the floor with the Odessa team. Honour was satisfied.



Boris Paichadze, (extreme right, top left-hand photograph) was one of the great forwards in Soviet football, and is famed for his sophisticated manoeuvres at the other team's goal mouth. Boris played for Tbilisi Dynamo, and is the most outstanding figure in the history of Georgian football, with its reputation for elegance and polished technique. He was a real virtuoso, and remains a model for many footballers today.

Vsevolod Bobrov (bottom left) was one of the brightest stars in Soviet football before a knee injury forced him to quit at the age of 31. Many consider him to have been one of the best "bombardiers" in Soviet football — he rarely missed with a shot. His talents weren't entirely wasted, however, for he went over to ice hockey, and became the finest forward in the national team. It was thanks to his efforts in the forward lines that the Central Army Club several times won the national football and ice-hockey championships. Then, after retiring, Bobrov went over to coaching, taking on the Moscow Spartak ice-hockey team — since when they, too, have won the national championship more than once.

Asked who they considered the biggest Soviet football star of all time, many people would name Grigori Fedotov (top right). He is often described as the Chebopis of football, and the fans said that he did not so much play football as put on a wonderful concert for the stands. Everything he did on the field was new and unexpected, in every game he sowed confusion in the ranks of the enemy defences, and brought joy to the hearts of Army Club fans. Fedotov is to Russian football what Babe Ruth is to American baseball, Jean-René Lacoste to French tennis and Paavo Nurmi to Finnish athletics.

When Alexander Ponomarev (bottom right) played for Moscow Torpedo he set a record which has not yet been surpassed by any Soviet footballer, scoring 148 goals in the championship tournament. The most dazzling thing about his game was his ability to crown an attack initiated by himself by scoring a goal. It is still a mystery to many who saw him how he managed to streak about the field like lightning, popping up in places where no one expected him.



The fans are liable to shout themselves hoarse and still keep on croaking until they drop when the merits of individual players are being discussed — and still there'll be no agreement. But there's no Soviet fan who would deny that Akimov, Zhmelkov, Khomich and Yashin represent the highest peaks in the noble art of goal-keeping.

Anatoli Akimov (top left) went to Paris with Moscow Spartak in 1936 as an unknown youth. After the match with the famous Racing Club de Paris his name was on everyone's lips, and he came back with the nickname "stone-waller". He continued to justify the name for more than a decade, astounding everyone with his brilliant technique and particularly clever play. Many consider that there has not yet been a goalkeeper to touch him.

Another Spartak goalkeeper, Vladislav Zhmelkov (bottom left), is remembered as a fabulous player, entirely without weak spots. It is typical that in eighteen months he did not let a single penalty kick through. If one adds to that the fact that in the 1939 season, when he did turn and turn about with Akimov, he let through only 7 goals, it is clear that he deserves his place in the Hall of Fame.

The third of the quartet is Tiger Khomich (top right), a Dynamo legend. His fame spread through Europe after his amazing performance in England in 1946 — it was the rather calm and highly knowledgeable British fans who nicknamed him "Tiger", and it stuck for life. The qualities for which he is renowned are strength, dexterity, agility and a sharp eye — and they are qualities he finds extremely useful today now that he's gone over from goal-keeping to sports photography.

Lev Yashin, another Dynamo wonder, is so well known that it is hardly necessary to go into details. He has several times featured in the symbolic team picked to represent the world, and when the Rest-of-the-World played England Yashin was in goal. Yashin is not a legend — but only because he's still in the game. Tomorrow — and all the experts are unanimous — he will be the most legendary of all the legendary figures who have gone down in football annals.

Weather Wizard



by Ghennadi Paderin
from the magazine "Sibirskye Ogni"
(Lights of Siberia)

In medieval England anyone who dared to predict weather was brought to trial. Today researchers admit that long-range weather forecasting presents one of the toughest problems in world science.

Inez and Ida

On the evening of September 20, 1966, the Cuban Embassy in Moscow received the following telegram:

"From Temir-Tau, Kemerovo Region. Dear comrades, I send warning of formidable hurricane likely to hit Caribbean area towards end of month. Dyakov, Weather Station Director, Gornaya Shoria."

On the same day a telegram received by the Maritime Board, USSR Hydrometeorological Service in Vladivostok, read:

"From Temir-Tau, Kemerovo Region. Warning danger of violent typhoon in Sea of Japan, starting on Soviet coast."

The signature was the same.

Finding the pinpoint on the map that marks the settlement of Temir-Tau in South-Western Siberia is not easy. According to the most moderate estimates it lies some 9,300 miles from Cuba, while the Caribbean and the Sea of Japan are half way round the world from each other. It would seem odd, to put it mildly, that someone would venture to predict natural calamities arising at the same time but in completely different parts of the world.

Fortunately, the Cubans knew nothing about Dyakov's second telegram. They naturally got in touch with the USSR Hydrometeorological Centre. So far, they were, informed, nothing suggested the onset of a hurricane in the Caribbean. As for the Temir-Tau weatherman's addiction to long-range forecasting, it was

entirely his own personal affair, especially if he chose to send his warnings to other countries. The Centre staff would neither confirm nor deny his prediction.

The embassy staff were in a dilemma. Finally deciding it was better to be safe than sorry, they informed Havana and their weather centre alerted all meteorological stations.

Cuba was basking in the warm sunshine of early autumn. Vigilant meteorologists scanned the skies and their readings, but nothing presaged trouble.

Then, on September 28: "A sudden hurricane has attacked Guadeloupe and Santo Domingo, causing damage running into hundreds of millions of dollars... In Cuba, a timely warning sent to her weather service and consequent measures taken by her government have reduced losses to a minimum." (*Izvestia*, October 6, 1966.)

A few days earlier a similar typhoon had arisen on the opposite side of the Earth, in the Sea of Japan.

"Typhoon Ida has retreated from the shores of Japan to the north-east, leaving in its wake a broad strip of destruction and the greatest toll of victims since the Ise typhoon in September 1959... 668 major landslides have taken place, some 14,000 homes have been destroyed and almost 60,000 flooded." (*Pravda*, September 27, 1966.)

Dyakov was right. Who is he and how did he do it?

Heretic

I arrived in Temir-Tau at the close of the day. I asked an old lady where Dyakov lived.

"You mean the weather wizard? See that mountain? Drive toward the white bood over the house-tops."

About 15 minutes later I stopped in front of an ordinary farmhouse. Behind it, higher up the slope, stood a brick tower with an observation dome, which I had used as a reference point. Adjoining the tower was a rectangular cabin growing out of the earth.

I met Dyakov at his doorstep.

"This is my home," he said, "and my office is over there." He pointed to the cabin. "I've been working in it since 1936."

We went into what served as an anteroom, half of it taken up by a stove. Another door led into his working "den", as he called it. It was partitioned in two. One section was occupied by desks, bookcases, books, newspapers and photographic equipment, including a bulky enlarger, the top of which reached to the ceiling. The other section contained a camp bed.

"I often work late into the night, so I sleep here to avoid disturbing my family..."

"How did you manage to make such accurate forecasts of Inez and Ida? On what basis?"

"On what basis?" In an instant he had crossed and recrossed what little space there was. "You ask me

on what basis? On the basis of heresy! My predictions of Inez, Ida, Emma, Shirley, Bess and all the other burricanes are all based on heresy! All of them the mad ravings of an old man gone wild in the taiga!"

It was not easy to talk with Dyakov. He is argumentative, heated, passionate. He is full of grievances, past and present. He is like an overheated boiler which has to let off steam or burst. He also has an incredible stock of information and knowledge.

"But, after all," he calmed down at one point and said in a reasonable tone, "hurricanes are not so difficult to predict. It is much more difficult to ascertain where there will be rain and where dry weather, and when."

"And can you?"

"Sometimes. Let us say it's quite possible."

"All right. But where does the heresy come in?"

"All my predictions are heresy." He made an effort to smooth down his shock of grey hair but it sprang up again. "I am a real heretic, like the English weather forecasters of a few centuries ago. But in the long run they gained recognition, while my method still remains totally unrecognized. Professor Bugayev, for instance, denies there is any future in it."

"Excuse me, who is Professor Bugayev?"

"The Director of the USSR Hydrometeorological Centre."

Solar Streams

Early in May 1927 a sensational press report announced that France was planning the world's first non-stop flight over the Atlantic; two pilots were going to fly in their "White Bird" from Paris to New York.

The Austrian astronomer Karl Mierbach sent a telegram insisting that the flight be postponed because of increased solar flares, which he believed presaged storms in the Atlantic. The head of the French national forecast service, upon reading the telegram, replied with the brevity befitting a military man: "Non-sense".

The "White Bird" disappeared without trace, lost in a storm over the Atlantic which had not been predicted by a single meteorologist.

In France, the death of the fliers was a national tragedy. Possibly that explains why the French were among the first to change their attitude to the study of the Sun. At any rate, when the Tenth Congress of the International Union of Astronomers, held in Moscow in 1938, was told that solar observations could produce accurate weather forecasts, the French were the first to contact the author of the paper. He was a Soviet delegate, a certain Anatoli Dyakov.

In April 1939 Dyakov's paper was published by the French journal *Astronomie* and aroused great interest; so great, in fact, that the editors presented him with a life subscription.

Monsieur Dyakov thought it ill-

mannered to accept the journal without giving anything in return, so from time to time he sent French astronomers long-range weather forecasts for their country.

"28, Rue St. Dominique, Paris-7, French Society of Astronomers: Dear Colleagues, I think it my duty to warn you that according to my observations, of which you know, the winter of 1967-68 is likely to be most severe all over Europe. Violent waves of cold air will descend between the 10th and 20th of both December and January, with temperatures ranging between 20 and 30 degrees below zero Centigrade. Cordial greetings, Anatoli Dyakov."

The telegram arrived on November 27, 1967, two weeks before the first wave of cold air was due to hit. French weathermen had no data concerning the cold air front and could only wonder whether or not the prediction of the Russian "prophet" would come true.

It did.

The cold wave rolled across all European countries.

Dyakov found consolation in the fact that he had issued his warning to the French in time. Why didn't he warn other countries?

To France he had written simply: "... according to my observations, of which you know..." And what could he write to Italy? Ask the Italians to take his word for it that in a couple of weeks Vesuvius would be clad in snow? Reference to his observations of the Sun as the cause of the cold wave would only have

renewed the debate between astronomers and meteorologists over the degree to which the Sun affects our weather.

It is an old, long-standing debate, and it is still going on.

The Sun is an amazing body. Solar flares occur on its surface continuously but only once in 11 years do serious eruptions break out, during "maximum solar activity periods", as scientists say. This cycle has been found to have a direct effect on all terrestrial processes.

During peak periods there are more earthquakes, the furbearing animal population sharply increases, plants grow more quickly, and germs propagate faster, including influenza viruses. Epidemics take place on a wider scale in such periods and there are more heart attacks, crises of hypertension and nervous disorders. Healthy people find themselves depressed, their capacity for work is lessened and they feel out of sorts.

The Sun frequently "shows its temper" in between peak periods when it breaks out in sunspots and what are known as solar corpuscular streams — jets of charged particles — intensify. On the Earth such days bring magnetic storms, which disrupt radio communication.

Curiously enough, magnetic storms and consequently flares may be foretold by the human organism: measurements of the electrical potential of the human skin show that this drops sharply four days before every such storm.

Putting all these facts together has accustomed astronomers to the idea

of a relationship between weather and climate on the one hand and solar activity on the other.

What about meteorologists?

"Of course, their thinking is not without logic," said Dyakov, "but their logic is faulty. What is it built on? It is built on a fact established by astrophysicists — that the Sun's thermal energy remains constant for billions of years. Therefore, says the meteorologist, how can it suddenly affect the atmosphere and cause hurricane-force winds, floods and snowfalls? This approach to air circulation ignores all forms of solar energy other than thermal. Meanwhile, an important weather-forming factor is the flow of corpuscles. The solar corpuscular streams constantly change their intensity and affect the atmosphere."

Dyakov dived into one of his bookcases and reappeared with a heap of notebooks in his hand.

"They do not deny that these streams exist. That would be too much. But they think that their effect on the atmosphere is negligible because the Earth gets only one two-billionth fraction of the Sun's radiant energy. This is mechanical thinking. What is vital is that the solar corpuscular streams are of an electrical character."

My host brought out one notebook after notebook. They were filled with solar observations. Beginning in 1940, every day he would draw the Sun with a compass and mark the location, size and shape of spots on its surface. The man has accumulated over 10,000 solar "portraits"

showing the spots changing from day to day. All were made with the intention of tracing the relationship between solar activity and weather on Earth.

Dyakov set himself the task of being the first man in history to forecast weather on the basis of watching processes taking place on the Sun, and to forecast it for a given area and period!

Front of Occlusion

American scientists have estimated that in their country alone, if the accuracy of weather forecasts was improved by only five per cent, some 18,000 million dollars would be saved annually. In this they take the present 60 per cent chance of a correct forecast as their starting point.

Why then, the reader may ask, do Soviet weathermen ignore Dyakov's observations?

"There are theories," says Professor Bugayev, Director of the USSR Hydrometeorological Centre, "that the Sun affects atmospheric processes. Much paper has been wasted in support of these theories but so far there has not been the slightest convincing explanation of the mechanics of this effect. It can be said with confidence that the external activity of the Sun, which takes the form of spot-formation, has nothing to do with atmospheric circulation." (*Izvestia*, May 30, 1965.)

This is an example of only one clipping out of a folderful entitled in pencil: "Front of Occlusion".

"What does it mean?" I asked Dyakov.

"It means the line where a cold front meets a warm front in a depression. It is a cradle of cyclones. In this case . . . let me show you this statement by Academician Fyodorov."

"In the past period of time, more and more data has appeared which shows a connection between processes taking place on the Sun and in the upper layers of the atmosphere with processes taking place in the lower layers, that is, with weather." (*Pravda*, May 29, 1965.)

But this statement is in direct conflict with the opinion of Professor Bugayev. Even more interesting, the dissent comes from his immediate chief: Academician Fyodorov is head of the Central Board of the Soviet Government's Hydrometeorological Service.

"Are cyclones born as a result of the clash of two such mutually exclusive opinions?"

"So far only in the press. The attitude of Professor Bugayev and his supporters remains unshaken . . . Incidentally, how long do you intend to stay with me?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Please don't let my distinguished visitor think that I am bored with his company. I am simply wondering when I could take you to the top of Mt. Ulu-Dag." Dyakov pointed to the wall. Only then did I notice a small photograph of an observatory under construction.

"It is the new weather station on Ulu-Dag," he said. "We shall move

in soon. Shall I tell you who helped me to set it up? Polyansky did. Dmitri Stepanovich Polyansky, the Soviet Union's First Deputy Prime Minister."

I felt that as time went on I had more and more questions to ask. However I returned to my original one.

"About Inez and Ida . . . I'd like to know —"

"In a moment." From his bookcase Dyakov drew out an oldlooking book. "But I will have to begin way back."

He placed in front of me the maiden (Paris) edition of *L'Atmosphère*, by Camille Flammarion, found the required passage and translated it as he went along:

"An erudite friend of mine, the astronomer Poey, director of Havana observatory, has proved by a thorough investigation of the hurricanes which have been raging in the West Indies from 1493 to our day that . . . over two-thirds of the cyclones fall in the period between August and October — the months when the intensely heated shores of South America begin to attract colder and denser air masses from the northern continent."

Putting the book aside, Dyakov began, perhaps for the millionth time, to pace his "office".

"I have collected data confirming the observations of astronomer Poey and compared them with processes which take place on the Sun."

Poey has registered top cyclonic activity from August to October. Dyakov has found that if the Sun

reveals intense sunspot activity during that period, the velocity of cyclones off the shores of Latin America and, in particular, Cuba, jumps 50 per cent, reaching hurricane force.

Naturally, I am making it all sound very simple. In fact, long-range forecasting is a complex process in which mathematics and a wide variety of factors play a role before any conclusions are reached. Dyakov has devised a special formula which enables him to calculate in each individual case the time lag between solar activity and the resulting processes on the Earth.

"Why do you fight your battle from remote Gornaya Shoria? Why don't you come to Moscow, where you have already been offered several interesting posts in your field? And how did you come to settle in this part of the world?"

"In answer to the first part of your question, I like it here. In fact I've become a real Siberian. Besides, the air is exceptionally transparent and the sky is nearly always clear. It is an ideal place for observing the sky. As for the second part of your question . . ."

365 Minus 20

In 1935 student Tolya Dyakov went to Siberia where the future Kuznetsk Iron and Steel Works was being built.

The day after his arrival he was summoned to the project chief, Yegorov.

Dyakov found him at the road construction site.

"I am Dyakov," he introduced himself.

"Yes, I know. I've seen your record. I have a proposal. We've opened a weather station in Temir-Tau. In its three years of existence it has had six different chiefs. None of them was any good. And we badly need more or less accurate weather information."

"But I'm an astronomer, not a meteorologist. I graduated in physics and mathematics from the Public Education College in Odessa, then after a year's work as assistant astronomer at the Odessa Observatory I realised I needed further training and so I entered the Astronomy Department of Moscow University. So . . ."

"Those six had no specialised education of any kind."

Dyakov agreed to give it a try.

What jeopardizes the career of a voluntary weather forecaster today? Nothing, really. The right prediction will earn him gratitude and appreciation, a wrong one will not be held against him. Even the national weather service, equipped with weather satellites, missiles, air balloons and receiving a daily flow of 70,000 telegrams from all over the world, is not exempt from mistakes.

But Dyakov was well aware that one error on his part could undermine faith in his technique, even kill his idea, and who knows what a setback long-range forecasting would receive? He was aware of all this and yet felt he could not refuse to answer requests for weather forecasts. As news of Dyakov's success-

es spread, more and more such requests came in.

"Dear Anatoli Vitalyevich, please, if possible, give us your ideas concerning the agrometeorological conditions in the Russian Federation in 1967. Respectfully yours, G. Osiyanov, Chief Executive, Central Board of Land-Tilling and Seed-Growing, Ministry of Agriculture, Russian Federation."

"Yours forecasts are of great help in our difficult work of spring sowing. You would oblige us greatly by reporting the weather likely to obtain in Western Siberia in May and June. Respectfully yours, Yu. Mal'kov, Chief Executive, West Siberian Area, Ministry of Agriculture, Russian Federation."

Dyakov has accumulated a drawerful of such wires and letters. They go in there after the request has been met.

In general, Dyakov does not send round his prognostications until he is asked. The exception is when it is a case of an imminent natural disaster. Thus, he informed the appropriate authorities — three months in advance — of the impending catastrophic droughts of 1957 and 1959 in the south European part of the country and the droughts of 1962, 1963 and 1965 in Western Siberia and Kazakhstan. Also well in advance, he issued warnings about more than 60 natural calamities which befell Europe, Asia, the Atlantic area and the Pacific basin during the past 10 years. Each of his predictions proved correct.

But all these predictions dealt

with calamities. How about the accuracy of his daily weather forecasts?

Dyakov says he has made an average of 20 errors a year. That is, 20 out of 365.

Such results would be highly satisfactory to most people. But Dyakov's ambition was 100 per cent accuracy. If only he could have a modern weather station and an observatory, even a tiny one but well-equipped . . .

"What if I wrote to, say, Polyansky?" Dyakov wondered. "After all, the Ministry of Agriculture has reported that the First Deputy Prime Minister takes an interest in my work."

Dyakov wrote a letter asking for assistance and appending a list of equipment needed and indicated which items he would like obtained in France.

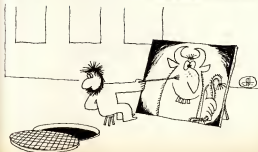
Within a few days a reply arrived from Polyansky. His request was being met and the Soviet Ministry

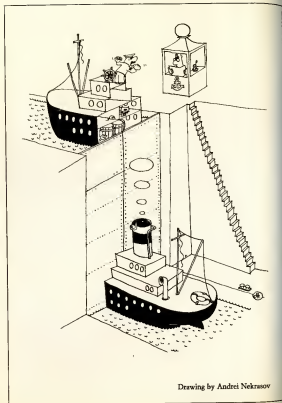
of Foreign Trade had been instructed to buy the necessary equipment in France.

Unfortunately, I had no time to visit Mt. Ulu-Dag and see for myself how Dyakov has equipped his observatory. It would be interesting to see how a meteorological station and a solar observatory co-exist under one roof. So far, it is the only observatory of its kind in the Soviet Union. It is called the Helio-Meteorological Research Station of Gornaya Shoria.

The Sun and the weather are on an equal footing in this laboratory, but when Dyakov says "Helio-Meteorological" he places the accent on "Helio". He is an astronomer at heart.

Before I left, Dyakov presented me with a photograph of his brainchild, the new station. On the back, instead of the usual inscription, he wrote: "Nothing can stand up against an idea whose time has come."





Drawing by Andrei Nekrasov

Fruits of Deliberation

from the writings of Kozma Prutkov

SPUTNIK is publishing more thoughts and adages by Kozma Prutkov, the pen-name of Alexei K. Tolstol and the brothers Zhemchuzhnikov. Kozma Prutkov build up a broad reputation in the 1830-70s. His advice and maxims still bring smiles to many lips.

If you want to be happy, be happy.

When you see a caption saying "buffalo" on an elephant's cage don't believe your eyes.

Hair and fingernails are given to man to provide a steady but easy occupation.

Don't cut down everything that grows.

Where is the beginning of the end that ends the beginning?

The faster you drive the sooner you arrive.

The cock wakes up early but the evil-doer earlier still.

What we've got we don't cherish; when we've lost it we cry.

Even the oyster has enemies.

In the edifice of human happiness friendship erects the walls and love forms the dome.

All parts of the world have their own parts, some pretty curious.

Live and learn! Like a wizard, you will eventually have the right to say that you know nothing.

If you're buffeted by fate don't despair.

There is no hatching one egg twice.

A champagne cork, soaring noisily and instantly falling again, is a good picture of love.

It is easier to hold the reins of a horse than the reins of government.

Cunning is the weapon of the weak and the intelligence of the blind.

Wisdom, like turtle soup, is out of reach for many.

Wisdom reduces complaints but does not lessen suffering.

Man has his head on top so that he won't walk upside down.

Anatoli Tsupa, Self-Taught Graphic Artist



The first impression the viewer gets on seeing Anatoli Tsupa's work is one of simplicity and "out-of-the-ordinariness". While the composition is clear-cut, finished to perfection, there is also an element of romantic whimsicality.

Among his subjects are urban interiors, springtime streets with rivulets bearing toy boats running through them, street lamps at night reflected in the wet asphalt, singing birds in the woods, dandelion clocks by the roadside, and behind them the stark shapes of new blocks of flats.

The pictorial quality of his work, and his undoubted mastery give rise to that "casual beauty" (an expression of Boris Pasternak's) that so charms the eye. And although the treatment is uncomplicated and the theme is immediately understandable, one feels a need to look long at Tsupa's pictures.

* * *

by Vladimir Kirzov
from the magazine "Senena"

Anatoli Tsupa is 32. He has been painting and drawing since child-





The Aquarium

Comet ►

◀ *The Sun*

hood, but has been specialising in graphic art for the past five years. To be more exact, this has been his hobby over those years, for he has been working for the greater part of the time as a skilled automatic machine-setter in a Moscow factory. But his flat has imperceptibly been transformed into a studio.

Although he has had no art training, and has not been blessed with a surfeit of spare time, Anatoli Tsupa has developed a high degree of skill in linocutting and has a definite style of his own. His technique is always interesting. At times he uses hatching of the most unexpected character, and quite often he



achieves his effect by employing a most unorthodox cutting tool on the linoleum — a soldering iron.

In summer 1967 Anatoli Tsupa's first exhibition was held at the offices of the Leningrad magazine *Zvezda*. It was definitely a success, and the Leningrad Artists' Union bought several of his works. Then

followed shows in other cities, and at an exhibition in Moscow, at the offices of the illustrated youth magazine *Smena*, Tsupa had more than 40 works on display. Now he is doing work on television and for a number of magazines.

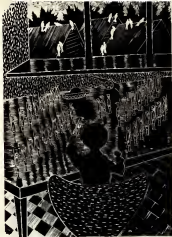
Anatoli Tsupa has become a professional artist.



The Songster



Across the Winter Roofs



The Tin Soldiers

Boy with Dandelion Clocks




In the Night



Artist of the Chessboard ALEXANDER ALEKHINE

from the book "Chess Vocabulary"



In 1927 thirty-five year old Alexander Alekhine became the first Russian to win the world chess championship title. He defeated the Cuban grandmaster Jose R. Capablanca, who had held the world title since 1921, 18½: 15½. Alekhine won six games, Capablanca three, and 25 were drawn.

The match was more than a personal victory for Alekhine, it was a triumph for the ideas of the Russian chess school, the foundation of which is attributed to Mikhail Chigorin (1850—1908).

"Alekhine's win", wrote Emanuel Lasker, the eminent German grandmaster who held the world crown for longer than anyone (from 1894 to 1921), "is the victory of an in-

flexible fighter over a mind that shies away from anything obscure. Capablanca aims at precision, using scientific methods. Alekhine is a greater artist, has a more searching mind, and, in principle, such creative work is on a higher level".

Richard Réti, a Czechoslovak grandmaster, remarked that "in games won by Alekhine, beneath the ice-cold cloak of modern technique, there burnt the bright and passionate flame of searchings for new paths — something quite alien to Capablanca".

Asked which of his combinations he considered his best, Alekhine named the end play in the game with Réti in the Baden-Baden tournament in 1925.

Black — Alexander Alekhine



White — Richard Réti

From the position of White's pieces after the 26th move he seems to have the initiative. But the breath-taking sacrifice of a Black rook changes the balance radically, and a series of tactical blows enables Alekhine to bring the play to a victorious conclusion.

This is how the situation developed on the board: 26. . . R-K6!; 27. Kt-B3 (no other move would give White a satisfactory defence). This can be seen from the following: 27. B-B3:BXB; 28. PXB:XPX; 29. Kt-Kt5XP:Q-R4! or this: 27. K-R2:QR-QR6!; 28. Kt (QB5)-Kt3-Q-K4!; 29. PXP:XPX; 30. PXR:Q-R4 ch.; 31. K-Kt:Q-R6, but the rook taken produces no advantage whatever.

27. . . :PXP; 28. QXP:Kt-B6; 29. QXP:QXQ; 30. KtXQ:KtXP ch. 31. K-R2:Kt-K5!; 32. R-B4:KtXBP; 33. B-Kt2:B-K3! (its is instructive

to see the accuracy with which Alekhine carries out his series of moves: there is a combination of inspired risk and sober calculation). 34. R(B4)-B2:Kt-Kt5 ch.; 35. K-R3:Kt-K4 ch.; 36. K-R2:RXXKt!; 37. RXXt:Kt-Kt5 ch.; 38. K-R3:Kt-K6 ch.; 39. K-R2:KtXR; 40. BXR:Kt-Q5!

White resigns (after 41. R-K3:KtXB ch.; 42. RXXKt:B-Q4! White would have no pieces left).

"For me chess is not a game but an art," Alekhine once said. "Yes, I consider chess an art and accept all the responsibilities it lays upon its devotees."

He had phenomenal results at the San Remo tournament in 1930 against chess stars such as Aaron Nimzowitsch, Akiba Rubinstein, Yefim Bogolyubov, Milan Vidmar Snr., Rudolf Spielman, Geza Maróczy and Saveli Tartakover. He won 13 games, had only two draws, and finished 3½ points ahead of his closest rival, Aaron Nimzowitsch.

Alekhine sailed through the Bled tournament (1931) in similar style. Again there were powerful players competing, but he increased his lead over the runner-up to 5½ points.

He won the tournaments in London (1932), Berne (1932), Pasadena (1932), Paris (1933), Zurich (1934) and Orebro (1935). His only defeat during this period was at Hastings (1933—1934) where he shared the runner-up place.

In 1934 he displayed absolute superiority over Bogolyubov with eight wins, three defeats and 15 draws.

His defeat by the Dutch grandmaster Max Euwe in 1935 was, therefore, especially surprising. Euwe was undoubtedly a strong opponent but his creative range was not as wide as Alekhine's.

Alekhine did not allow himself to become demoralised by this setback and he began intensive training, determined to regain the world championship. He succeeded in 1937 when he gained an overwhelming victory over Euwe — 10 wins, 4 defeats, 11 draws compared with Euwe's one point lead in 1935 (9 wins, 8 defeats and 13 draws).

In 1938 Mikhail Botvinnik, the Soviet chess player, challenged him to a match and Alekhine accepted the challenge. He asked that the contest be held in Moscow and that he be permitted to go to the Soviet Union, a country he had left in 1921 in search of chess honours, three months before the match. Both protagonists began to prepare for the duel, but the Second World War intervened.

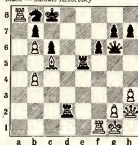
In March 1946 Botvinnik again proposed a match with Alekhine for the world championship. Alekhine agreed, but he died unexpectedly that same month in Estoril (Portugal), seated alone before his chessboard.

The ashes of the great Russian chess player were taken to Paris where he had been living since the early twenties, and FIDE (the World Chess Federation) erected a tombstone over his grave bearing the inscription:

"Alexander Alekhine
1892—1946
Chess Genius of Russia and France"

Here is another fragment of Alekhine's work. At the international tournament in Kemerli (1937) the position after the 34th move in the game with Samuel Reshevsky, the American grandmaster, was as follows:

Black — Samuel Reshevsky



White — Alexander Alekhine

At first glance the advantage seems to be with Black who has more pawns and whose big guns are in a more militant position. But Alekhine has planned a series of original moves far ahead: 35. RXXKt ch.! (Alekhine sacrifices a rook. His opponent takes it.): KXR; Alekhine sacrifices another piece, the Queen: 36. QXR ch.!!! Reshevsky is faced with inevitable checkmate and concedes the game.



An Hour with Chinghiz Aitmatov

by Lyudmila Saposchnikova
from the newspaper "Moskovsky Komsomolets"

Chinghiz Aitmatov, the Kirghizian writer, was born in Central Asia, in the Kirghizian village of Sheker, in 1928, and after graduating from an agricultural college in 1953 he worked as a livestock expert.

His first story, Dzeido, the Newspaperman, had appeared in print in 1952, and he finally decided to change from science to writing, attending the Higher Literary School from 1956 to 1958. By 1963 he had won the Lenin Prize for his collection of stories about the Central Asian mountains and steppes. Today he is chairman of the board of the Film Workers' Union in Kirghizia, and a member of the editorial board of the magazine Navy Mir (New World). His best-known books are Mother's Field, Farewell Gulsary, Jamila, Little Poplar with a Red Band.

I asked him what he thought of the present younger generation.

"My own generation was educated by the war," he replied. "It made us more severe, exacting and persistent. We were ardent believers in ideals, and at times we were terribly naive. But we found life interesting.

"The present younger generation are more mature intellectually, they are more sober-minded and practical. These are positive qualities, but sometimes they develop into arrogance, churlishness and cynicism.

"In our day, we were more tolerant of the ways of our fathers, we respected them and showed more understanding of their failings. What I would like to see in the present younger generation is not hypocritical deference, but innate modesty."

I agreed that in the course of endless discussions the term "cultured person" had degenerated into a hackneyed phrase, but I wanted to know what he thought it meant.

"It's not possible to give an itemised list of 'ingredients'. It's a vast complex combining elements common to great numbers of people and purely individual qualities. It includes education, scholarship and lofty moral qualities. It also means a person who is not petty-minded and restricted in outlook. If a pleasant, amiable, clever, well-bred and well-educated person displays indifference to another person's trouble, I would not say he was cultured. Conceit and reluctance to be concerned about other people are the negation of culture."

Then I asked the writer why he

preferred the long short story as a vehicle.

"Above all, because of its comparative brevity," he said. "Of course longish novels that might give posterity a panorama of our epoch are also needed. But I prefer the mobile genre of the lyrical story, which I feel is better suited to our fast-moving world. And I can achieve better self-expression in it."

"How do you like it when screen versions of your works are made?" I asked.

"On the whole, I welcome the filming of literary works, although the screen versions of my stories sometimes disappoint me. I am profoundly convinced that film and fiction are growing closer together and that there will come a time when they will possibly be unable to exist without each other. It's not so long since the film director needed only a skeleton scenario, but now the film is inconceivable without a good literary basis.

"Now story writers and novelists have to think in terms of cinematography. Even Leo Tolstoy, were he alive today, would have to write with an eye to the screen, it seems. Of course it may sometimes happen that a literary work will suffer in conversion to a screenplay. This is why I try to take a part in adapting my writings for the screen. Recently, for instance, I finished work on film versions of *Farewell Gulsary* and *Jamila*. I would say in general that fiction provides excellent material for the cinema."

I asked him about his working

habits, and whether writers kept to a strict routine.

"This point has been very well made in *My Dagestan*, a new book by Rasul Gamzatov. He says the writer can't plan out his working day with precision but is always working on his writing, however packed his day might be. I fully agree. I am constantly thinking about the book I am writing, and its characters, but I need a particular mood to sit down and write. Certainly, I have periods of two to three months when I work for eight to twelve hours a day, and these are my happiest periods, because no one has yet said a word about what I am writing, and I alone know my characters, but they are already close to me and nothing exists for me but pen and paper."

"What are you writing now?" I asked.

"I can only write about things I know. I know Kirghizia and her people. But I cannot undertake to write about cosmopats, for instance. All I can do about them is to satisfy my own curiosity by learning more about them than is generally known."

When I asked him if he had a favourite book, he said that, as with most people, there were books which to him were testaments. Two of them were Leo Tolstoy's *Haji Murat* and Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*.

"Of the books I have read recently, I like *My Dagestan* best," he said. "It is something that Gamzatov alone could write."

How Old Is Our Earth?

by Igor Krylov

from the magazine "Znaniye—Sila"
(Knowledge is Power)



It is generally thought that the Earth is approximately 5,000 million years old. Dr. Erich Gerling of Leningrad believes that the figure should be more than 11,000 million years. If this scientist is right, all existing concepts about the Universe will have to be revised.

According to some cosmogonic theories purporting to explain the origin and evolution of the Solar system, all planets, as well as the Sun, arose from one substance, a dust-and-gas cloud.

The Sun is merely one of the countless stars of our galaxy. And our galaxy, in its turn, is just one of the giant concentrations of stars.

According to some cosmological hypotheses, 12,000 million years ago all matter contained in the Universe was concentrated in one superdense blob, which later expanded and crumbled into myriads of "splashes" — the nebulae, stars and planets.

Professor Erich Gerling of Leningrad, however, has found that rocks of the Kola Peninsula in the USSR's north were formed at least 11,000 million years ago. Hence, the Earth as a whole must be still older: it must have taken more than 1,000 million years to develop from the dust-and-gas cloud into a clot. But that makes the planets and the central star of the Solar system older than the Universe itself!

A question arises: perhaps such conclusions stem from an error? Perhaps in reality the Kola rocks are much younger than Dr. Gerling believes?

Accurate dating of rocks became possible due to the discovery of radioactivity. Back in 1902 Pierre Curie assumed that the aggregation of radioactive isotopes embedded in minerals and disintegrating one after another could serve as a chronometer, which nature started millions of years ago and which now indicates the age of this mineral.

Radioactive decay has a constant speed. The amount of Uranium 238 contained in the mineral decreases by precisely half every 4,500 million years. Disintegrating, the atoms of uranium turn into lead. By calculating the total amount of lead that exists and by comparing it with the undecayed amount of uranium, scientists obtain the initial radioactivity of the mineral and with it, its age.

This procedure set the age of ancient rocks at about 3,500 million years. Assuming that the formation of our planet and its crust previously took another 1,500 million years, scientists fixed the age of the Earth at some 5,000 million years.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of independent calculations made by numerous Soviet and foreign laboratories supported these estimates.

The checking was performed by the uranium-lead method as well as



by other techniques, including the potassium-argon, which was developed by Dr. Gerling and Dr. Alexander Polkanov. In 1962 the development and introduction of that technique won the two scientists the Lenin Prize.

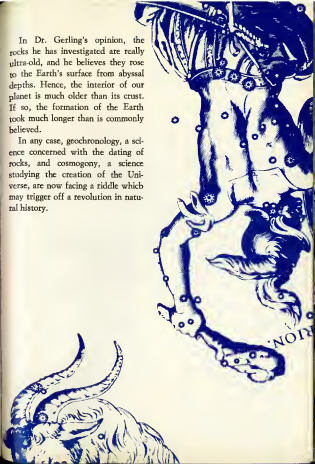
It is easy to imagine Dr. Gerling's amazement when his own potassium-argon method made the age of old rocks jump from the customary 3,000-4,000 million years to more than 11,000 million years!

True enough, prior to that, other scientists had obtained incredibly high figures for the age of some minerals. But they discarded these figures precisely because they thought them incredible. Besides, such sensational results, if made public, could shake confidence in radioactive dating, which had taken long years to become established. (Not so long ago, in the late 1940s, most authoritative experts questioned 3,000 million years as the age of ancient rocks obtained by the radioactive method. They thought it was overrating.)

Dr. Gerling was fully aware that his results threatened to destroy his own brainchild, the potassium-argon method. But the scientists put scientific truth above all other considerations and was the first to publish his "improbable" results.

In Dr. Gerling's opinion, the rocks he has investigated are really ultra-old, and he believes they rose to the Earth's surface from abyssal depths. Hence, the interior of our planet is much older than its crust. If so, the formation of the Earth took much longer than is commonly believed.

In any case, geochronology, a science concerned with the dating of rocks, and cosmogony, a science studying the creation of the Universe, are now facing a riddle which may trigger off a revolution in natural history.



My Lion Poopa

(from the Reminiscences of an
Animal Trainer)

by Boris Eder

from the magazine
"Sovietskaya Estrada i Tsirk"

I woke later than usual that day. I remember that I had dreamt about lions, which in itself was nothing new. I had recently begun to work with a group of lions and now I often saw them in my dreams. The only thing that was new was that the lions I had dreamt about had always growled at me and attacked me, but that morning I woke up feeling that a rough tongue had been tenderly licking my hands.

When I was really awake I began to have visions of that enormous lion which one day, just like a dog,



would walk along with me through the town, and live in my home; I would comb his mane and he would tenderly, gratefully lick my hands.

After a few days I went to the zoo. In one cage I saw a tremendous lioness lying on her side. Three jolly little lion cubs were crawling all over her warm soft belly. I only saw those three, but suddenly, from somewhere behind her back there appeared a fourth, the smallest of the lot. The cub crawled rather warily towards its mother who growled at it with displeasure. The three other cubs stopped their game and began to muzzle into the mother's belly, leaving no room for the fourth. He laid down docilely to one side and, it seemed to me, gasped plaintively. Retreating as far as I could from the lioness, I quietly tapped on the floor of the cage and called: "Puss, puss, puss!" To my surprise the cub turned its head and, miaowing suddenly like a kitten, ran over to me.

I told the attendant that this was the one I would take. He nodded his head in satisfaction. "That's good, the mother doesn't like that one, and the other cubs treat it terribly. It'll be better off with you."

At home I prepared some warm sweet milk, poured it into a bottle, put a teat on it and began to feed the lion cub. Smacking its lips noisily and closing its eyes with bliss, the baby began to suck, pushing at me with its front paws, as though to help the milk flow into its mouth. Gradually the pushing grew weaker and the cub fell asleep in my arms

before it had drunk the last few drops.

That was how a baby appeared in my home for which I had to become foster mother.

In two months the cub was walking well, its head no longer seemed too big for its body, and it would run playfully about the room pushing a ball or sharpening its claws on wooden blocks, and sometimes on the doors or the armchair. Now it was lapping up its milk from a bowl. Once a day I gave it a meal of minced meat, which it devoured with pleasure. As I lay down to rest I watched the little lion at its play for a long time, imagining it a grown beast with the character of a domestic pet.

Before long I put a collar round its neck and started taking it for walks through the town on a lead. The cub already had the name Poopa (it had proved to be a female). Poopa made no attempt to get the collar off since she was accustomed to obedience: if I had put the collar on her, that meant it had to be there.

Once I took Poopa to the little park. She walked along calmly by my side and suddenly stopped and threw herself at my feet, as though hiding from danger. I looked in the direction of her glance and saw a great black tomcat sitting under a bush and looking at my Poopa with unwinking green eyes. I waved my arm and shouted: "Shoo!" The tom disappeared in a flash and Poopa gazed at me in gratitude, licking my

hand. At that moment I probably seemed like Almighty God to her.

Poopa gradually began to take all kinds of surprises in her stride. She was no longer afraid of cats, dogs, horses, and she had been used to human beings for a long time, having been cared for by man since her birth. Often as she sat with me on a bench in the park she would attract the attention of teenagers who would all be dying to stroke her. As I knew Poopa well, I let the youngsters sit by her side and stroke her. Poopa liked it, and would spring from the bench and begin to roll in the sand or the grass as though inviting them to play with her.

Realising that Poopa had acquired all the habits of a trained animal, I decided to get her ready for work in the circus. I wanted to have her riding a horse, so I got a large horse with a calm temperament and introduced it to Poopa. They quickly became friends. It was not a circus horse and had never come across a beast of prey. It evidently took Poopa for some kind of large dog. As far as Poopa was concerned, she had a benign attitude to any animals she met.

For seven years Poopa performed her circus number, "Lioness on Horseback", and throughout all that time she did not cause me the least bit of trouble. She went on living with me in my home, without a cage, she travelled with me to work and sat by my side in the car.

But one day — it was at the Leningrad Circus — the following

thing happened. Poopa finished her act and, as usual, was supposed to jump off the horse. As I looked at her I suddenly saw the menacing eyes of a beast — it was no longer a tame cat sitting there, but a wild animal regarding me as its prey. At that instant Poopa sprang at me straight from the horse . . .

Perhaps if I had not seen that look in her eyes, she would have knocked me down. But I was ready to take the impact, when she pounced at me, trying to reach my throat, so I shoved my fist into her mouth and rushed from the ring, dragging the lioness with me. Behind the scenes Poopa came to herself. She instantly relaxed her claws, jumped away and slunk into a corner like a dog who knows he has done something wrong.

My hand was bitten through, my wrist was broken, the terrible claws had ripped my back, but I was glad that I had managed to get Poopa out of the ring. After all there had been spectators sitting there, secure in the thought that she was a tame, kindly disposed animal, people on whom her eyes might just as easily have fallen as on myself . . .

That was the first time Poopa spent the night in a cage at the circus. As I lay sleepless I recalled all the details of her life with me at home, the habits and behaviour of this huge tame cat. I recalled how she had often expressed her feelings for me with her tongue, nearly taking the skin off my hand with it. How sometimes I would be awakened at night by an awareness of her

gaze upon me, and when she saw my eyes open she would try to get me to play with her.

In the morning I went to the circus to rehearse with the lion troupe. When I came up to the cage where Poopa had spent the night, she looked at me out of light golden eyes with slitted pupils — the eyes of a wild beast.

Poopa no longer did her horseback number — I realised that her long-repressed instincts had suddenly been aroused. Or perhaps they had been awakening gradually and even when Poopa used to wake me up with her gaze they had been stirring somewhere deep down in her brain. But habit — in relation to myself, to the home, to everything that had surrounded her since she was a cub — was too deeply ingrained. Now her blood had spoken. Poopa had become a beast, even more dangerous for her familiarity with the human being who had trusted her.

I had to return Poopa to the place from which I had once taken her as a little neglected cub.

In a few days I heard that she was to be sent to a menagerie in another town. Of course I wanted to see her once more, to say good-bye. At the zoo I went to her cage and called to her. Poopa jumped towards me, giving a dull roar. I went nearer. She stood on her hind legs and pushed her front paws through the wire as though inviting me into her embrace. When Poopa had been living with me we had often rolled about the settee or the

carpet in each other's "arms". This was her favourite game and I could not help myself now, I answered her call and went right up to the cage, putting my arms through the wire. So we gave each other a parting hug. Then I went away, but for a long time I could hear her melancholy, nostalgic roar.

A few years later, when I was working in the Kazan circus, I heard that a menagerie had come to the town. When I had some spare time I went there. I wandered around the cages and came to a sudden halt by a great lioness. In her glance and bearing there seemed to me something familiar, and I softly called: "Poopa".

Her head jerked up, her pupils widened and she looked round in confusion. There was a crowd of people looking at the cage. Standing behind them, I called again: "Poopa . . ."

The lioness leapt up, her whole mien saying: "So I wasn't wrong, someone really did call me . . ."

I could not stay there any longer and I walked quickly away.

I never saw Poopa again. And now, recalling all my life with animals, I realise that it is possible to train a wild beast, to instil into it a good attitude to people, but it is impossible to destroy its savage instincts, to root them out completely. One can only subdue them, but sooner or later they will come to the surface, without a doubt. My experience with Poopa confirms this inexorable law.

Emperor Paul's Palace



by Maria Zvereva

condensed from "Zemniye Sila"
(Knowledge is Power)

Paul I, Emperor of Russia, liked nothing better than a military parade. In fact such spectacles were his sole and all-consuming passion. The Emperor loved no one but hated a great many, above all his own mother, Epress Catherine II. To spite her, he ordered that a palace be built in which he could find seclusion and indulge himself in the pleasure of watching marchpasts on a parade ground specially laid out for the purpose.

Thus arose the Pavlovsk Palace, one of the constellation of palaces around St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. (Pavlovsk is from the name Pavel, the Russian equivalent of Paul.)

Charles Cameron, a Scottish architect, began construction of the Palace in 1781. Although he never learned to speak Russian, he did develop a fondness for Russian architecture.

Time passed, czars came and went, and the Palace was added to and remodelled more than once. Another three great architects, Andrei Voronikhin, Vikenty Brenna and Karl Rossi, contributed their share to the creation of the splendid ensemble. It is interesting that with all the additions and reconstructions, deeply original as they were, no architect sinned against the overall style of the Palace.

After the 1917 Socialist Revolution the Palace came under the protection of the Soviet Government and was turned into a museum. But no law is able to protect master-

pieces from all enemies, notably time and the devastation of war.

"I returned to Pavlovsk on the heels of the retreating nazis," says Mrs. Anna Zelenova, the then director of the museum-palace. "In the vicinity of the Palace everything had been destroyed by fire. When we were quite near Pavlovsk, I remember, the driver asked me which way to turn, and I, who had spent 10 years in that town, failed to recognize where we were. It was only when we were right on top of it that I suddenly realised I was looking at the smouldering ruins of the Palace. The surrounding park with its magnificent trees was gone. What was left of the Pavlovsk Palace was collapsing in front of my eyes. Hanging on barbed wire at the Palace entrance was a sign warning in German that the place was mined: 'Achtung, Minen!'"

The Palace had been set ablaze deliberately. Inspection showed that a combustible liquid had been poured over the floors and walls.

It was fortunate that in 1941, when the German troops were advancing towards Leningrad, the Palace custodians were able to remove a major part of the Palace's priceless treasures to safety.

The restoration of the Palace, in which the people of Pavlovsk also took part, was an arduous, painstaking and at times seemingly hopeless job. Tons of rubble were sifted by hand before as much as a small fragment of a wall, or ceiling or floor was found. Every such piece was inventoried and preserved. A

whole art school was created to train specialists to restore the magnificent palaces around Leningrad.

But the Pavlovsk Palace needed rebuilding, not just restoration. How the work was done is related in a film entitled "Renaissance". This film is not only about restoration work as such, or even about the rebirth of war-devastated monuments of architecture. It is really about the rebirth of the war-warped human soul.

In one film sequence the following episode is shown: among a group of museum visitors an argument develops. "Is it really necessary to re-create palaces which have been razed to the ground?" one man asks. "It eats up colossal sums of money. Wouldn't it be better spent on more urgent needs?" A woman replies: "A petty lot we'd be if we wanted to live by bread alone." (The whole sequence was filmed by hidden camera.)

The film also poses the important question of just how should architectural monuments of the past be restored. On the face of it, the answer seems obvious: they should be restored to their original appearance. Has the contemporary restorer any right to modify creations of beauty that have survived from the past? If he has, how far can he go? Nobody would think of adding the missing arms to the Venus de Milo. But then may we recreate works by Rossi or Voronikhin?

The restorer's profession is a difficult one, requiring the talent of an artist whose individuality must

be suppressed for the sake of resurrecting the authenticity of what he restores. Few artists are capable of doing this. But does this suppression have to be complete? In 1803, many years after the Pavlovsk Palace was built, part of it, including the magnificent Greek and Italian halls, burnt down. Voronikhin was assigned to rebuild the structure, not just restore it. Having restored, with great care, the best elements of the work of his predecessors, he proceeded to redecorate the interior and bring in an element of his own. Now, 150 years later, we can say with confidence that these changes were valuable additions to the overall design and that Voronikhin's name rightfully belongs with those who are listed as the architects and designers of the Pavlovsk Palace.

But suppose some contemporary restorer invents a detail which he thinks would add to the beauty of the Palace and includes it in the interior of the hall he is restoring, say, the Rossi Hall? Would we think it sacrilegious? Perhaps a century from now our descendants would regard our contemporary as another designer of this great Palace?

Today, each of the 50 halls in the Palace has been restored in every minute, exquisite detail. The park, of course, has not yet regained its pre-war beauty. Children have planted thousands upon thousands of trees around the Palace, the same kind of trees that once surrounded it. But trees grow at the pace ordained by nature. Man alone can surpass himself.



The restored interior of a reception hall. The show-cases in the foreground contain precious porcelain of the early nineteenth century and other objects d'art belonging to the Romanov Imperial Family. The semi-circular design and the large windows ensure natural lighting for most of the day.

The south facade of the palace facing Emperor Paul's Private Garden laid out in Dutch style. During the nazi occupation the trees in the Garden and the adjacent section were chopped down and used for firewood. The carefully restored ballustrade is an exact replica of the eighteenth century original.





Before the nazis arrived to do their work of desecration, only the pictures could be evacuated from the palace in their entirety. The magnificent paintings were preserved, but the inside of the palace was utterly ruined. It is hard to believe today that everything but the pictures is the careful work of restorers.

Emperor Paul's bedroom is the acme of luxury and taste. On the right is the organ clock from Holland.





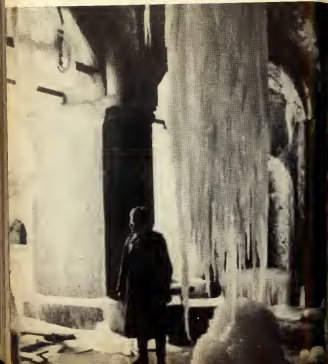
*A porcelain vase with
bronze decorations
made by Russian craftsmen.
On the right,
a piece of gilt wall
ornament.*



*This floor with its
inlaid pattern has been
carefully restored
to its former beauty.*



*This was what one
of the halls of the palace
looked like in
February 1944,
with ice to soften the
starkness of the ruin.*



RUSSIAN MADE EASY

Урок девятый

Lesson nine

КАК ЖИЗНЬ? ¹

Есть у меня приятель Миша. Вернее, просто знакомый. В общем, мало знакомый мне человек по имени Миша. Или Коля, кажется.

Этот мой знакомый приятель ² — очень душевный человек ³. Всегда занятый, а душевный. Видимся мы с ним на улице то ли два раза в месяц, то ли раз в два месяца. И всегда он не просто «здрасьте!» ⁴ скажет, но и душевно так поинтересуется: ⁵

— Как жизнь, старик? ⁶

Поинтересуется и бежит дальше. А я ему вслед тоже вежливо отвечаю:

— Спасибо, жизнь в порядке! ⁷

¹ How's life? (colloq.)

² Used together the two words have an ironic flavour: the word «приятель» actually excludes the word «знакомый».

³ A warm-hearted man. Here, also, the use of the word «душевный» is quite sarcastic.

⁴ The word is misspelt to indicate the way people usually swallow half of this word.

⁵ With cordial interest.

⁶ How's life, old man? (colloq.)

⁷ Thanks, life's O.K. (colloq.)

Вот и вчера бежит он мимо меня по улице и на ходу, с улыбкой:

— Как жизнь, старик?

Я ему вслед, как обычно:

— Спасибо, в порядке!

И вдруг подумал: «За что я человека обижая? Он моей жизнью интересуется, а я ему сухо, по-казенному: жизнь, мол, в порядке, и не твоё это постороннее дело».⁸

Я тогда быстренько развернулся⁹, догнал своего знакомого приятеля и говорю ему:

— Ты меня извини, пожалуйста, Миша (или, кажется, Коля). Вот ты постоянно моей жизнью интересуешься, но мне всё не досуг¹⁰ ответить подробнее. А как раз сейчас выпала свободная минутка,¹¹ так я тебе с удовольствием осведу вкратце¹² этот вопрос.

— Так вот,¹³ откровенно говоря, жизнь моя не совсем в порядке. Есть, конечно, отдельные приятные моменты, но неприятностей тоже хватает¹⁴. Во-первых, здоровья. Так, с виду¹⁵ я вроде бы и абсолютно здоров. Но это только с виду. А внутри и сердце шалит, и желудок пошаливает¹⁶. На работе тоже не всё гладко¹⁷. С одной стороны, месяц назад премию дали, а на

⁸ The normal expression is «не твоё дело», meaning, it's none of your business. The introduction of the word «постороннее», although incorrect from the point of view of grammar, gives the expression a sarcastic twist.

⁹ Used this way, the verb means to make an about turn. Usually it is used to describe the movement of a ship.

¹⁰ "I am too busy."

¹¹ Very much like "I have a spare minute".

¹² A pseudo-bureaucratic style.

¹³ "And so..." (colloq.)

¹⁴ "More than enough" (colloq.)

¹⁵ Lit. "I look absolutely healthy" (colloq.)

¹⁶ Lit. misbehaving (colloq.)

¹⁷ A rough translation: "not a bed of roses" (colloq.)

той неделе выговор склонотал¹⁸. Хотя вовсе¹⁹ и не по моей вине, а по вине...

Тут Миша (или, кажется Коля) интеллигентно так перебил меня:

— Ты извини, старик, вот мой трамвай стоит, я очень спешу.

— А мне, — говорю, — как раз²⁰ спешить некуда. Мы с женой поссорились, так до вечера лучше домой и не появляться.

Сели мы с ним в трамвай, поехали. Я два билета взял, усадил его на место для инвалидов с детьми²¹ и исполголоса ему на ухо коснулся интимной стороной моей жизни.

— Жена мне попалась²² не очень удачная. Вкусы у нас абсолютно не совпадают. Я, как ты уже знаешь, на диете, а она, наоборот, предпочитает грузинскую кухню...

На этом интересном месте трамвай остановился, и мой знакомый приятель как-то быстро, наверное, по рассеянности выскочил без меня из трамвая. Хорошо, что я всё-таки успел выпрыгнуть за ним. Обнял его крепко, по-дружески за плечи и прощаю:

— А вот дети у меня как раз²³ неплохие. Даже хорошие. Один — отличник²⁴, другой — в детском саду в самостоятельности²⁵ участвует. Вот песенку про счастливое детство поёт. Ты извини, у меня со слухом не очень,²⁶ но слова я все помню. Сейчас спую.

¹⁸ Very colloq. for "I was reprimanded".

¹⁹ "Absolutely not..."

²⁰ The use of the words «как раз» underlines the point being made and makes the sentence more colloquial.

²¹ In the USSR the best seats on public transport are reserved for invalids and people with small children. Here the author increases the irony by using a combined expression: "invalids with children".

²² Very colloq. for "I found a wife who..."

²³ Again, the use of «как раз» to underline a point.

²⁴ Meaning a student who gets only the highest marks.

²⁵ Participation in amateur talent concerts.

И я ему эту песенку спел. Он так растрогался, что даже сердце у него заболело. Завёл я его в аптеку, купил валерьянки бутылочку²⁷. Когда он в сознание пришёл, я ему снова последний куплет про счастливое детство пропел, чтобы он нить песни не потерял, и стал делиться планами²⁸ на летний отпуск.

Во время этих планов Миша (или, кажется, Коля) вспомнил, что ему тоже надо срочно купить плавки в ГУМе²⁹. Я пытался его отговорить, потому что в ГУМе народу масса, шумно, мне о моей жизни криком кричать³⁰ придётся, чтобы он ничего не прослушал, и вообще там потеряться³¹ можно. Но он на своём настаивал³². И действительно мы в ГУМе потерялись.

Я, конечно, сразу по радио объявил, что жду его у фонтана³³, но он, видимо, не слышал — не пришёл. Только через два часа я его случайно в Лужниках³⁴ отыскал.

— Что же ты, — говорю, — здесь меня ждёшь? Могли ведь и разминуться. Ну ладно³⁵, слушай дальше...

Он так вроде не очень обрадовался, но слушает вежливо, не перебивает. Потом вдруг такси остановил и говорит водителю:

— В Шереметьево!³⁶

— Ты что, — заинтересовался я, — улетаешь?

— Улетаю!

— Каким рейсом?

— Ближайшим!³⁷

²⁷ Colloq. for "I have a poor ear".

²⁸ This inversion gives the sentence a humorous turn.

²⁹ Pseudo-bureaucratic ling.

³⁰ An abbreviation of «Государственный универсальный магазин».

³¹ To yell one's head off.

³² Lit. "one can get lost".

³³ Lit. "he stood on his own", i.e. insisted.

³⁴ Local: the GUM department store has a fountain at which people meet.

³⁵ A district of Moscow known for its stadium.

³⁶ A Russian equivalent of O.K.

³⁷ One of Moscow's main airports.

³⁸ Lit. "the soonest".

По дороге в Шереметьево я ему рассказал о моих взаимоотношениях с соседями и поразился, что скоро получу изолированную жилплощадь³⁸ в кооперативе³⁹.

В Шереметьево выяснилось, что ближайший рейс на Махачкалу⁴⁰. Я ему на билет десятку⁴¹ добавил. Билет мы зарегистрировали, а багажа у него не было.

— Ты что же, так, без вещичек?⁴²

— Вещички, — отвечает он, — мне малой скоростью подешлют⁴³.

У трапа я ему вручил букет гладиолусов. Расцеловались мы.

— Ну, — говорю, — Миша (или, кажется, Коля), счастливо тебе! Если вернёшься, обязательно телеграмму дай. Я встречу, расскажу, какие изменения произошли в моей личной жизни.

И он улетел.

... Из Шереметьева я возвращался пешком. Был тот самый вечер, который справедливо характеризуется эпитетом «чудный».

У дома я встретил своего приятеля Сашу, вернее, знакомого, мало знакомого мне человека по имени Саша. Или Петя, кажется.

— Как жизнь, старик? — бросил он и побежал дальше.

Я крикнул ему вслед:

— Все в порядке, старик!

И пошел спать.

Арк. Ивни, Л. Осадчук

³⁸ A colloquial abbreviation of «жилая площадь», "living space".

³⁹ A co-operative housing association.

⁴⁰ A small town in Daghestan, on the Caspian Sea.

⁴¹ Colloq. for "ten roubles".

⁴² The use of «вещички» instead of «вещи» makes the sentence both ironic and humorous.

⁴³ His personal belongings will be sent on.

ЮМОР И ИСКУССТВО

Она: — Вы уверены, что я получусь красивой⁴⁴ на вашем портрете?

Художник: — Абсолютно. Родная мать вас не узнает⁴⁵.

* * *

Муж: — Вы уверены, что портрет моей жены получится похожим на оригинал?

Художник: — Настолько, что при одном взгляде на него вам будет не по себе⁴⁶.

* * *

— Почему они повесили эту картину?

— Видно, не смогли найти автора.

* * *

Клиент: — Вы увеличиваете снимки до размеров оригинала?

Фотограф: — Разумеется.

Клиент: — Отлично⁴⁷. Вот снимок Останкинской телебашни.

* * *

⁴⁴ "Will I look beautiful?"

⁴⁵ Your own mother won't recognize you (colloq.)

⁴⁶ A rough translation: "It will give you the willies".

⁴⁷ "Excellent."

РУССКИЕ ПОСЛОВИЦЫ И ПОВОРОККИ О МУЖЕ И ЖЕНЕ

С доброй женой горе — полгоря, а радость — вдвойне⁴⁸

Добрую жену взять — ни скуки, ни горя не знать⁴⁹

Добра жена дом сбережёт, а худая рукавом растрясёт⁵⁰

Не тот счастлив, у кого много добра, а тот, у кого жена верна⁵¹

Хорошая жена — поддома⁵²

Доброю женой и муж честен⁵³

Не хвали жену телом, а хвали делом⁵⁴

Где один муж не может, там жена поможет⁵⁵

Почитай отца и мать, а жену — впятеро⁵⁶

Без жены, что без рук⁵⁷

Без жены дом — содом⁵⁸

Законною женою будь доволен и одною⁵⁹

Женина ласка супругу силу даёт⁶⁰

⁴⁸ With a good wife sorrow is halved and joy is doubled.

⁴⁹ With a good wife you'll know neither boredom nor sorrow.

⁵⁰ A good wife will save the home, a poor one will lose it.

⁵¹ The happy man is not he who is rich, but he who has a faithful wife.

⁵² A good wife is half a home.

⁵³ With a good wife a man is honest.

⁵⁴ Don't take pride in your wife's beauty, take pride in her actions.

⁵⁵ Where the man alone is helpless, his wife will help.

⁵⁶ Respect your father and mother, and your wife — fivefold.

⁵⁷ Without a wife — without hands.

⁵⁸ A home without a wife is akin to Sodom.

⁵⁹ Be satisfied with your lawful wife.

⁶⁰ A wife's caress gives the husband strength.

- Плохая жена и хорошего мужа портит⁶¹
 Хорошая жена — счастье⁶²
 Муж да жена — одна душа⁶³
 Муж с женой что мука с водой⁶⁴
 Муж не бабник, с ноги не обросишь⁶⁵
 Муж да жена — одна сатана⁶⁶
 Без мужа жена всегда сирота⁶⁷
 Мужик без жены, что гусь без воды⁶⁸
 Мужем жена хороша⁶⁹
 Не ищи в муже красоты, а ищи доброты⁷⁰
 Без мужа что без головы, а без жены что без рук⁷¹
 Чужая шуба — не одежда, чужой муж — не надежда⁷²
 Милый дружок на месяц, а муж — на всю жизнь⁷³
 С милым мужем и зимой не стужа⁷⁴
 Стужа лучше худого мужа⁷⁵

⁶¹ A poor wife spoils a good husband.

⁶² A good wife is happiness.

⁶³ Husband and wife are one soul.

⁶⁴ Husband and wife are like flour and water.

⁶⁵ A husband is not like a shoe, you can't shake him off your foot.

⁶⁶ Husband and wife are one devil, meaning, never try to solve their problems, don't give advice, just let them be.

⁶⁷ A wife without husband is always an orphan.

⁶⁸ A man without a wife is like a goose without water.

⁶⁹ A wife is praiseworthy through her husband.

⁷⁰ Don't look for beauty in a husband, look for kindness.

⁷¹ No husband — no head, no wife — no hands.

⁷² Another's coat is not clothes, another's husband is not to be counted on.

⁷³ A lover is for a month, a husband — for life.

⁷⁴ With a beloved husband winter does not freeze.

⁷⁵ Freezing winter is better than a bad husband.

MOS



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121-04-34

What's in a name?

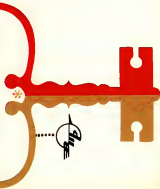
Especially a name like "Vneshnortorgklima" ... What — you can't even pronounce it! Try again. Vnesh-torg-tek-loms. It just means "Foreign-trade-advertising".

Внешнорторглама

Vneshnortorgklima

is the name of the only advertising agency in the Soviet Union dealing with foreign trade. It conducts all commercial advertising for Soviet export goods, and takes orders from trading organizations and commercial and industrial firms abroad for all recognized types of advertisements in the USSR.

Advertising is the key to successful trade



MOSKVITCH 412



V/O AVTOEXPORT



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Dependable hydro-assisted brakes
Comfy seats convertible into flat
padded berth
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engine

— NEWS in the
Soviet Exports

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